THE CRISIS
OPPORTUNITY
MARCH, 1926
15 Cents per Copy

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Richmond, Va.

Condensed Financial Report

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VA., Inc.

INCOME FOR 1925

Cash Balance Brot Forward Jan. 1, 1925..	$171,327.63
Premiums and Sundry Accounts.....	942,453.65
Total Receipts	$1,113,781.28

DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1925

Claims paid Policyholders.....	$380,877.33
Investments and all other Accounts.....	443,479.14
Total Disbursements	$824,356.47
Cash Balance Dec. 31, 1925.....	289,424.81
Total	$1,113,781.28

ASSETS

Cash Balance	$289,424.81	
Petty Cash Fund	100.00	
Bills Receivable	22,102.49	
Stocks and Bonds	59,545.00	
Real Estate Mortgages	116,953.91	
Real Estate	378,551.96	
Accrued Interest and Rent	4,667.29	
TOTAL ASSETS		$871,345.46

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$85,080.00	
Deposits of Employees	25,819.79	
Reserved for Unpaid Claims and Interest	2,791.70	
Reserved for Taxes	972.05	
Sundry Ledger Accounts	17,115.00	
Total Liabilities		131,778.54
Surplus		739,566.92
TOTAL		$871,345.46

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....$ 824,646.92
CLAIMS PAID TO DEC. 31, 1925 $4,015,655.42

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The Crisis

A Record of the Darker Races

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Vol. 31, No. 5 Whole No. 185
March, 1926

THE CRISIS MAGAZINE: Published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Conducted by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; Jessie Redmon Fauset, Literary Editor; Augustus Granville Dill, Business Manager. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Future Numbers of

THE CRISIS

will contain

"Lenin Casts His Shadow Upon Africa."

"What is Wrong at Howard?"

"The War Resisters of the World."

"Education in Africa."

And a continuation of our Symposium on Negro Art.

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For further information and catalog, write
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Cheyney, Pa.

THE CRISIS

Vol. 31 No. 5 MARCH, 1926 Whole No. 185

OPINION of W. E. B. DU BOIS

PEACE ON EARTH

AT LAST THERE ARE SIGNS that some of the dreams of those who fought and supported the World War may sometime be realized. The only excuse for this war was the hope that it was a War to end War. The immediate result was a series of wars, murders and oppressions and an increase of armies and navies calculated to stagger the thoughtful. We have passed through this to Locarno; to a blue and beautiful lake hid in hills where Germany, France, England and Italy have promised to try arbitration before they fight each other again. A promise is not much and a statesman's promise is least; but here we have a right to look back of the promise. Europe cannot bear the present and increasing cost of armament. Organized industry is choked by it. Music, literature and art are dying under the burden.

The first step toward sanity is to admit the possibility of outlawing war; the second step is to provide the regular and natural means of arbitration in a World Court; a third step is disarmament. Europe has taken the first and second steps and has its foot poised in consideration of the third. The United States has taken no step but probably will join the World Court and at least make a gesture toward disarmament.

Are we not facing a fairer future? We are not unless we are willing to face fairly certain hindering truths. England because of her dominating position in the League of Nations, where she controls the Secretariat and 4 or 5 votes, can yield to arbitration without a fear. Through it she browbeats Turkey out of the Mosul oil fields and keeps her European enemies quiet while she enslaves India and Africa and China more securely. If France can be rid of the German menace she has a freer hand in Morocco and Syria. If Germany has no fear of England and France she can regain her industrial hegemony and therewith her lost colonies. If America can go into the World Court and League of Nations with her hands red in the blood of Haiti and her pockets filled with the loot of Nicaragua, she will be free for further imperialism in Central and South America.

Our next step, after praising God for Locarno, is to say to Europe: Make way for the freedom of Asia and Africa. There can be no real disarmament in Europe and America if white nations must hold yellow and black folk in chains and then ever suffer the temptation to throttle each other in order to monopolize their ill-gotten gains. There can be no freedom and uplift in Philadelphia and America while a conscienceless freebooter like Smedly Butler is able to bludgeon helpless West Indians. England, having no army, will disband it but until she arbitrates the freedom of the Seas, who will believe her? Italy has surrendered freedom and democracy for the dead ghost of Caesar's Imperialism. Who then can trust the successor of the Prince of Peace whom she imprisons? France

has been and is Civilization. But whither is France looking, coerced by Wall Street and Lombard Street and tempted by colonial riches?

Peace on earth is no mirage. It is a solemn, awful necessity. Its solution lies in facing cold and cruel facts.

FIVE MILLION

WE CONGRATULATE HAMPTON AND TUSKEGEE for their five million dollars of new endowment. They have earned it. They deserve it. Any set of folk who have successfully conducted good black schools in Ku Klux Alabama and in Virginia where fanatics are secretly planning the deportation of twelve million Americans to Africa, such folk deserve much.

And we are, we trust, not overfractious if we add: Now that you have adequate endowment, for God's sake stop running your schools as if they were primarily for the benefit of Southern whites and not for blacks. Say frankly to all comers, "This is a Negro school. In the long run we can imagine no difference of interest between White and Black; but temporarily there may be, or men may imagine there is; in such case we stand flatly and firmly for Negroes. This school is not a sanitarium for white teachers or a restaurant and concert hall for white trustees and their friends. Those who wish to visit us are more than welcome but they must expect to be treated as we treat ourselves. Our aim is to make Negroes men—nothing less. Those who do not agree with us even though they be old teachers, 'best friends' of the Negro or what not, must stand aside. We are going ahead to full-fledged colleges of A grade and no longer to pretend that we are simply educating farm hands and servants."

Stand up, Hampton and Tuskegee. Your new wealth is New Freedom.

TERRELL

THE DEATH OF Robert Heberton Terrell leaves a void. Terrell was a good fellow: tall and healthy to look at; a lover of men, of his social glass, of a good story with a Lincoln tang to it. His great hearty laugh warmed your heart and his handshake was a benediction. He was a Harvard man but did not take that too seriously; he was a school teacher who chuckled with his fellow teachers and pupils; he was a city judge to whom human beings were far more important than the technicalities of the law. I sat with him once on his bench as he tried a young white man for theft. It was not just plain stealing; but Terrell smiled. "Of course he took it", he whispered. And then he settled the matter in a nice fatherly way. We shall miss Terrell—we who are strenuous and worried and hurried and given to "settling" things. We need more of that humanly lovable and good-natured type, those who are just living and enjoying both sunshine and rain and the gift of friends.

A LETTER

"SOME YEARS AGO a regional conference of Jeanes teachers, County Training School Principals and Rosenwald Agents was held at Tuskegee Institute. This was during the year of 1919, I think, shortly after Dr. Moton had taken up the duties of principal of Tuskegee and when James L. Sibley was Supervisor of Negro education in Alabama. Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones was present. The following dialogue took place when Sibley introduced Dr. Jones.

"Mr. Sibley—(In his nervous manner) 'Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones is present. He was once connected with Hampton Institute. He is now with the Phelps-Stokes Fund. Dr. Jones says he is a white man,—Dr. Jones will now speak.'

"(Consternation reigned supreme.)

"Dr. Jones, (in his purring manner) 'This is the strangest introduction I have ever received. I am a white man, but thank God, I am not an Anglo-Saxon.'

"Dr. Jones is a Welchman and it is presumed he made reference to the Anglo-Saxons then engaged in the World War.

"Later on during the day a second bomb was thrown into the meeting. Dr. Dillard had been urging the representatives to join in the proceedings of the meeting, to express themselves, etc. One colored lady, the wife of a physician, accepted the invitation. She was employed as supervisor by one of the coal and iron companies near Birmingham. She spoke thusly: 'Dr. Dillard, you have asked us to express ourselves and I am going to do so. We have been sitting here all day listening to Mr. Sibley address us as Jane, Mary and Sue. We are sick and tired of it. That sort of thing may have pleased our grandfathers and grandmothers, but it certainly doesn't please us. We are grown men and women—and we are doing the work of real men and women and we demand that titles be given us.'

"The applause was deafening. Every colored man present had been suffering in silence, bursting with hatred toward Sibley and his methods,—but had not considered it expedient to protest. One 'cracker' superintendent asked the lady who her superintendent was. She replied by giving him the name of her *husband*. The 'cracker' superintendents were indignant and a number of them withdrew from the meeting and left the grounds, others caucussed and stood around in groups.

"Dr. Moton was nervous. This was the last time Sibley presided, if I remember correctly.

"All the colored men present hated Sibley. It was noticed that he always engaged the best looking colored women in close conversation,—and that he could not keep his eyes from them, but continually appraised them from foot to head."

———— ————.

And this is the white Southern "expert" whom Thomas Jesse Jones and the trustees of the Phelps-Stokes Fund are forcing on black Liberia as Superintendent of Education. Why? *Why? WHY?*

FOR A PRIZE NOVEL, $1,000

TO THE AUTHOR who the judges decide has written the best novel of Negro life, Messrs. Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., will pay outright as a Prize $1,000 in addition to the usual terms of royalty which will be arranged with the author.

Conditions

1. The author must be of Negro descent.

2. The novel must deal with Negro life in the sense that one or more of its leading characters must be of Negro descent and its action must show the influence of this fact.

3. Only manuscripts of unpublished works, submitted to Albert & Charles Boni before September 1, 1926, and accompanied by the declaration of the author that the manuscript is submitted in competition for the Prize will be considered.

4. All manuscripts submitted in competition must be offered to Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., for publication on terms to be arranged between the author and publisher. The successful work shall be chosen from among those manuscripts accepted by Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., for publication and the Prize shall be in addition to and independent of the royalty to be arranged for in the usual way.

5. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words shall be considered as a novel for the purpose of this competition, and preference will be given in general to works of full novel length.

6. Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., will use all reasonable care to pass promptly on manuscripts submitted in competition for this Prize and to return those found unavailable for publication, but they shall not be responsible for those lost in transit.

7. The judges for the competition will be

Henry Seidel Canby	Edna Kenton
W. E. B. Du Bois	Laurence Stallings
Charles S. Johnson	Irita Van Doren
James Weldon Johnson	

Their decision shall be accepted on all questions of eligibility or interpretation of the rules, and their award shall be final.

8. The award will be made and publicly announced as soon as possible after the close of the competition, and not later than January 2, 1927.

For further information address Albert and Charles Boni, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

Broken Bow, Nebraska.

AS president of a woman's club I am writing you for information in regard to your views on race assimilation, intermarriage of Negroes and whites. We have just completed a two weeks' study of your book "Souls of Black Folk" and are unable to arrive at a definite conclusion as to your attitude toward this question. I am asking you to please let me know your honest convictions along this line and greatly oblige,

DR. ELIZABETH LEONARD.

---

69 Fifth Ave., New York.

1. I believe that from time to time the groups of human beings, which we call races, assimilate and again differentiate. No race is permanent in its physical or mental characteristics.

2. I believe that individuals usually will find the greatest happiness and the greatest chance to do their best work if they marry within their own racial group. There are, of course, exceptions to this and many marriages between persons of different races have turned out happily. But usually, for obvious reasons, marriages within the group are most likely to be happy.

3. Despite the above I maintain the perfect right of any individual of any race, who is sane and normal, to marry the person who wishes to marry him. Any denial of this fundamental right of human intercourse always results in more evil than the denial seeks to prevent.

4. Specifically and in regard to the intermarriage of Negroes and whites in the United States, I believe that when any group is disliked and ostracized, for historical and other reasons, its self-respect demands that it seek to minimize as far as possible any intermarriage with the group that assumes superiority.

5. Finally, I have no doubt that in large numbers of cases groups of persons working together and intermarrying have been enabled to make peculiar contributions to civilization and to preserve and hand down these gifts; and any group that has done this or wishes to do it has a right to confine its marriages to its own members so far as it does not seek also to insult or degrade other groups or deny them the same rights.

W. E. B. DU BOIS.

Our prize contest for stories, plays, essays, covers and poems ends May 1, 1926. There are $600 in prizes. Write for details.

The Negro in Art

How Shall He Be Portrayed

A Symposium

WE have asked the artists of the world these questions:

1. When the artist, black or white, portrays Negro characters is he under any obligations or limitations as to the sort of character he will portray?

2. Can any author be criticized for painting the worst or the best characters of a group?

3. Can publishers be criticized for refusing to handle novels that portray Negroes of education and accomplishment, on the ground that these characters are no different from white folk and therefore not interesting?

4. What are Negroes to do when they are continually painted at their worst and judged by the public as they are painted?

5. Does the situation of the educated Negro in America with its pathos, humiliation and tragedy call for artistic treatment at least as sincere and sympathetic as "Porgy" received?

6. Is not the continual portrayal of the sordid, foolish and criminal among Negroes convincing the world that this and this alone is really and essentially Negroid, and preventing white artists from knowing any other types and preventing black artists from daring to paint them?

7. Is there not a real danger that young colored writers will be tempted to follow the popular trend in portraying Negro character in the underworld rather than seeking to paint the truth about themselves and their own social class?

Here are some answers. More will follow:

I am fully aware of the reasons why Negroes are sensitive in regard to fiction which attempts to picture the lower strata of the race. The point is that this is an attitude completely inimical to art. It has caused, sometimes quite unconsciously, more than one Negro of my acquaintance to refrain from using valuable material. Thank God, it has not yet harmed Rudolph Fisher! But the other point I raise is just as important. Plenty of colored folk deplore the fact that Fisher has written stories like "Ringtail" and "High Yaller". If a white man had written them he would be called a Negro hater. Now these stories would be just as good if a white man had written them, but the sensitive Negro—and heaven knows he has reason enough to feel sensitive—would see propaganda therein.

You speak of "this side of the Negro's life having been overdone". That is quite true and will doubtless continue to be true for some time, for a very excellent reason. The squalor of Negro life, the vice of Negro life, offer a wealth of novel, exotic, picturesque material to the artist. On the other hand, there is very little difference if any between the life of a wealthy or cultured Negro and that of a white man of the same class. The question is: Are Negro writers going to write about this exotic material while it is still fresh or will they continue to make a free gift of it to white authors who will exploit it until not a drop of vitality remains?

CARL VAN VECHTEN.

(See also Mr. Van Vechten's article in *Vanity Fair, Feb.*, 1926.)

---

1. The artist is under no obligations or limitations whatsoever. He should be free to depict things exactly as he sees them.

2. No, so long as his portrait is reasonably accurate.

3. I know of no publisher who sets up any such doctrine. The objection is to Negro characters who are really only white men, *i.e.*, Negro characters who are false.

4. The remedy of a Negro novelist is to depict the white man at his worst. Walter White has already done it, and very effectively.

5. This question is simply rhetorical. Who denies the fact?

6. The sound artist pays no attention to bad art. Why should he?

7. If they are bad artists, yes. If they are good, no.

It seems to me that in objecting to such things as the stories of Mr. Cohen the Negro shows a dreadful lack of humor. They are really very amusing. Are they exaggerations? Of course they are. Nevertheless they always keep some sort of contact with the truth. Is it argued that a white man, looking at Negroes, must always see them as Negroes see themselves? Then what is argued is nonsense. If he departs too far from plausibility and prob-

ability his own people will cease to read him. They dislike palpable falsifications. Everyone does. But they enjoy caricatures, recognizing them as such.

The remedy of the Negro is not to bellow for justice—that is, not to try to apply scientific criteria to works of art. His remedy is to make works of art that pay off the white man in his own coin. The white man, it seems to me, is extremely ridiculous. He looks ridiculous even to me, a white man myself. To a Negro he must be an hilarious spectacle, indeed. Why isn't that spectacle better described? Let the Negro sculptors spit on their hands! What a chance!

H. L. MENCKEN.

No. 1. If the author's object is the creation of a piece of art I feel that he should not be limited as to the sort of character he portrays. He should attempt that which moves him most deeply.

No. 2. If he is a sincere artist, no.

No. 3. Yes. On the grounds of bad business judgment, if nothing else. I feel that there is a growing public everywhere in America for literature dealing sincerely with any aspect of Negro life. The educated and artistic Negro, if presented with skill and insight, will find his public waiting for him when the publishers are willing to take the chance.

No. 4. Educated Negroes are rapidly arriving at a point where they are their own best refutation of this type of portrayal. They should, and doubtless will, soon be producing their own authentic literature.

No. 5. Emphatically yes. The point is that it must be treated *artistically*. It destroys itself as soon as it is made a vehicle for propaganda. If it carries a moral or a lesson they should be subordinated to the *artistic* aim.

6, 7. I cannot say. I think the young colored writer in America need not be afraid to portray any aspect of his racial life. And I may say further that I feel convinced that he alone will produce the ultimate and authentic record of his own people. What I have done in "Porgy" owes what social value it has to its revelation of *my* feeling *toward* my subject. A real subjective literature must spring from the race itself.

DUBOSE HEYWARD.

In a recent number of Harper's, J. B. Priestley discusses the American novel and describes a snag that has caught many an American writer. Our country contains so much variety in its background that our writers forget that this background is of comparatively little importance and think over-much of local color. They thus create fixed types. But the important thing, Priestley emphasizes, is to note "the immense difference between your neighbors".

With this in mind I can quickly answer a number of your questions. A novel isn't made up of all good or all bad, of all buffoons or all wise men. When a book overemphasizes one type, whether it be the buffoon, the villain or the heroically good young man, it isn't a true book and will soon be forgotten. What publishers, at least the best, want today is art, not propaganda. They don't want to know what the writer thinks on the Negro question, they want to know about Negroes.

Publishers will take books dealing with the educated Negro if he can be written of without our continually seeing his diploma sticking out of his pocket. Just as soon as the writer can believe that his reader knows there are educated Negroes, and doesn't have to be told that they live in pleasant homes and don't eat with their knives, he can begin seriously to write about them. Surely it is unimportant whether a book deals with the rich or the poor. Porgy and Crown and Bess are great figures in a powerful love story. John is a strong figure in Waldo Frank's "Holiday". So is Bob in Walter White's "Fire in the Flint".

Question six speaks of the "continual portrayal of the sordid, foolish and criminal among Negroes". This has not been true within the past few years. White artists are beginning to see the true Negro and colored writers are beginning to drop their propaganda and are painting reality.

Question seven, the danger of the Negro writer's following the popular trend, is a question every writer has to face. It has nothing to do with color. Are you so poor that you yield to the temptation to copy the trivial success? If you do you'll have plenty of company in this world of cheap popular magazines.

MARY W. OVINGTON.

(To be continued)

Foot Ball in Negro Colleges in 1925

PAUL W. L. JONES

Professor of English in the Kentucky Normal and Industrial Institute and Reporter for Spaldings' Official Football Guide.

ALL NEGRO AMERICAN TEAMS

Position	First Team	Second Team	Third Team
End	Lancaster (Lincoln)	Long (Howard)	Woolridge (Wilberforce)
Tackle	Kinmon (Wiley)	Jennings (Paul Quinn)	Lee (Hampton)
Guard	Alexander (Hampton)	Calloway (Lincoln)	Redd (Wiley)
Center	Tadlock (Tuskegee)	Pindle (Hampton)	Doster (Langston)
Guard	Doakes (Howard)	Miller (N.C.A. & T.)	Cromwell (Knoxville)
Tackle	Irwing (Morehouse)	Tynes (Virginia)	Francis (Kentucky)
End	Williams (Langston)	Gaiters (West Va.)	Clay (Atlanta)
Quarter	Turner (West Va.)	Payne (Howard)	Tinsley (Paul Quinn)
Half	Sheppard (Paul Quinn)	Ward (Wilberforce)	Bailey (Tuskegee)
Half	Ritchie (Wilberforce)	Stevenson (Tuskegee)	Cavil (Wiley)
Full	Anderson (Lincoln)	Parker (Straight)	D. Brown (Howard)

1925 was the banner year of Negro college foot ball. It furnished surprise after surprise and thrill upon thrill. Intersectional games were more numerous than in 1924. Teams met that had not met before, and a new brand of foot ball was developed. Friends of the sport multiplied and attendance at games increased. Six outstanding features marked the year.

1. Foot ball squads were larger than in years gone by. Howard, Lincoln, Wilberforce, Langston, West Virginia, Paul Quinn, Tuskegee, Hampton, Morehouse, Straight, Wiley, Shaw, Morgan, Kentucky, Virginia, Knoxville, Virginia Union and Tennessee mustered three teams of about the same strength. The bigger college teams now have a first, second and third defense and offense, all players being members of the "varsity" team. Substitutions in all positions are frequently called for, and that team stands best chance to win which can replace any player when substitution becomes necessary. The team that depends upon a single player in any position runs the risk of being on the tail end of the score when the game is over.

2. A keener coaching system has been developed. There is a Director of Athletics, a Head Coach, assistant coaches and trainers. Closer attention is being given the line, the ends, the backfield and individual players. Athletic Committees lay plans for securing funds, attracting high school stars and awakening a spirit for the game; and awakening, too, a more wholesome school spirit.

3. The conference idea gathered impetus. Old conferences increased in membership and new conferences were proposed. The Southeastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association admitted to membership Tennessee and Knoxville. The teams of the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association were joined by Johnson C. Smith University (formerly Biddle University). Much has been said about a Midwest conference, and the organization of such a body is predicted before many more seasons pass.

MOREHOUSE VS. ATLANTA

Tuskegee won the Southeastern Conference championship; Hampton was victor in the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association; Bishop won the Texas Conference crown; and Straight beat all opponents in the extreme southeast. West Vir-

ginia stands out the champions of the Mid-west, while Howard leads the East.

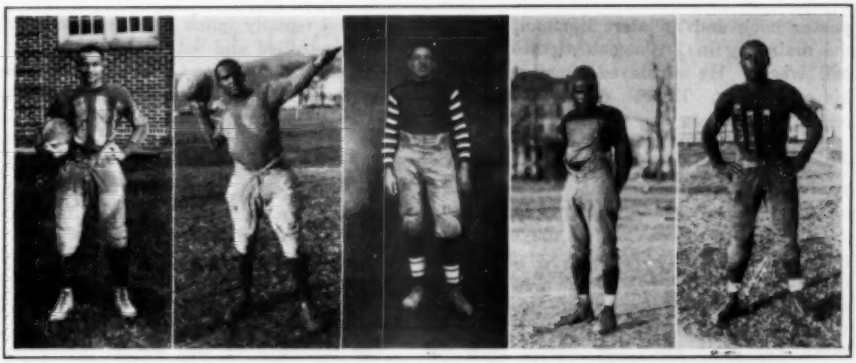
4. The forward pass was used more often and with greater effect than in any season since its introduction. It decided many contests. Wilberforce developed an aerial attack that puzzled all opponents. Wilberforce used it triumphantly in the game with Langston and regretfully in the West Virginia battle. West Virginia, always a lover of the air attack, was forced to use the pass more often in 1925 than in any preceding season because of the lightness of its team. Paul Quinn used the pass with deadly effect against several of its rivals. Lincoln made use of the pass often in her games with West Virginia and Howard. Howard and Hampton used it when bucking failed to bring gains. Tuskegee and Morehouse developed a passing system which was difficult to unravel. Coaches gave more attention to developing skillful and accurate passers and receivers and to training the entire team to break up pass plays than they gave to making players at any other angle of the game.

5. There were many star backs and ends. This was the natural sequence of the development of the forward pass. Every team had its star backs and its star ends. Brainy, powerful and dependable players of these positions were so numerous that it is a difficult task to make selections for a team which could be called the strongest in the country. Among the backs Lee (Lincoln), Anderson (Lincoln), Ward (Wilberforce), Ritchie (Wilberforce), Tyson (Howard), Payne (Howard), D. Brown (Howard), Shields (Virginia Union), Lowery (West Virginia), Turner (West Virginia), Stevenson (Tuskegee), Bailey (Tuskegee), Branch (West Virginia), Johnson (West Virginia), Parker (Straight), Cavil (Wiley), Dimes (Talladega), Beck (Clark), Williams (Bishop), Mills (Langston), Sheppard (Paul Quinn), Tinsley (Paul Quinn), Harding (Wilberforce), Royal (Virginia); E. Thruston (Kentucky), Mills (Lincoln, Mo.), Fowlker (Knoxville), Huffman (Tennessee), Williams (Hampton), Stanley (Atlanta), "Bull" Williams (Wilberforce), McLean (Howard), Lunsford (Fisk), Whedbee (Virginia Seminary), Coleman (Kentucky), Wood (Simmons) and Epps (Virginia) played great foot ball, making gains that gave their opponents much worry.

Among the star ends were Lancaster (Lincoln), Mason (Langston), Long (Howard), Woolridge (Wilberforce), Gaiters (West Virginia), Munday (Kentucky), Melton (Straight), Hinds (Straight), Archer (Morehouse), Swanson (Virginia), Wright (Atlanta), Clay (Atlanta), Swan (Fisk), Wilson (North Carolina), Hill (Morgan) and Falkener (Shaw).

Williams (Langston) is a great end and a wonderful back. He was the mainstay of his team and one of the gamest and greatest players on the gridiron.

6. Upsets were many. Lincoln picked to defeat Wilberforce, proved a poor match for the Ohio boys, Wilberforce winning 25 to 0. Howard trimmed Wilberforce, 7 to 0, in spite of predictions for a tie game or a Wilberforce victory. Both Howard and West Virginia could do no better than tie Lincoln (0-0), although both were expected to conquer the Lincolnites. Wilberforce was fortunate in meeting Lincoln before the Pennsylvanians reached the apex of form. When Howard and West Virginia met Lincoln, every Lincoln player was in top-notch form, fighting to win. Langston's backers were disappointed when Wilberforce conquered the Oklahomans to the tune of 6 to 0. Morehouse did not have the easy victory (14-6) it expected when it met Fisk. Kentucky lost to Knoxville 7 to 6 when it looked like a sure winner. Hampton beat Virginia Union 13-0, and Prairie View trounced Wiley 12-6. After winning from Prairie View (13-3) and Paul Quinn (14-0), Bishop went down to defeat before Wiley 19 to 0. Wiley could not beat Paul Quinn and lost the Texas Conference championship. Simmons, always a fighting team, did not win a game, losing to its ancient rival Kentucky 6 to 0. West Virginia triumphed over Wilberforce 7 to 3 within the last five minutes of play. Wilberforce made the mistake of playing an open game, and the West Virginians, adepts at passing, receiving, running and breaking up the enemy's air attack, took advantage of the error and scored a touchdown. Paul Quinn defeated Straight 33 to 0, January 1. Fisk nosed out Tennessee 10 to 6. This was Tennessee's only defeat and Fisk's lone victory. North Carolina A. & T. played erratic foot ball, losing to Hampton and tying games which it should have won. Tuskegee had the only team which lived up to expectations. The Tuskegeans did not lose



Ritchie, Wilberforce | Turner, West Virginia | Alexander, Hampton | Payne, Howard | Sheppard, Paul Quinn

a game, winning from all opponents.

Howard and West Virginia are tied for honors in the North and East. Both defeated Wilberforce and tied Lincoln. They tied when they met (0-0). West Virginia, with the lightest team in its history, played remarkable foot ball. Every member of the team was a man, a fighting man. Although Atlanta University had a light team, it proved a worthy foe on every field. Virginia Normal and St. Paul had splendid teams that gave their adversaries hard tussles every minute of the game. Virginia Seminary and College had a wonderful team and played a winning brand of foot ball every week-end. Virginia Union proved one of the strongest teams of the season, losing only to Virginia Seminary and Hampton, tying North Carolina A. & T., and beating Shaw. Shaw lost but two games, Hampton winning from it by a field goal and Virginia Union by four points, 7 to 3. Morehouse was better than it has been for two years. Wilberforce had the hardest hitting team in the country. The driving power of its offense and its ability to stop the enemy gained the respect of all opponents and won the praise of foot ball fans everywhere. It was this driving power of the Wilberforce machine that beat Lincoln decisively, crushed Morris Brown (38-0), and bewildered Langston.

Foot ball fans in all parts of the country wanted to see Tuskegee meet Wilberforce, Howard, Lincoln or West Virginia. Any one of these teams would have given Tuskegee a battle royal.

We believe the men placed on our First Team were the best in their positions last fall. Lancaster and Williams, ends, were the outstanding players in their position during the season of 1925. Lancaster is the greatest Negro end we ever saw in action. A fine receiver, a fast runner and a good blocker, he outguessed, outgamed, outplayed and outfought every opponent that faced him. In the West Virginia game he "took out" Gaiters on almost every play. That in itself was a great feat, for Gaiters is as good and courageous an end as ever wore foot ball togs.

Williams is a dependable passer and receiver who plays to win every minute of the game. He plays the backfield as well as he plays end. A great punter and a powerful line plunger, he registered gains for his team whenever he was called on.

At guard Alexander and Doakes are placed. Doakes played tackle on Howard's team, but he is such a good lineman that we placed him in guard in order to strengthen the line, an important part of the defense and offense. In every game in which Alexander and Doakes played they were valuable assets. Perfect tacklers, hard hitters and brainy players, they made openings in their opponent's line at almost every charge.

Irwing and Kinmon were the best tackles of the year. Charging low and hitting hard, they were quick to get through into the enemy's backfield and down the man with the ball. Their weight, speed and fighting skill make them powerful players on the defensive and on the offensive.

At center Tadlock was best. A good

passer back and an alert lineman, he was the main cog in Tuskegee's victorious foot ball wheel. He outplayed every center in his conference. He can do all that a center is expected to do.

Sheppard is the greatest Negro back in the game today. He is the most accurate punter in foot ball. A great open field runner, he can twist and squirm, dodge and duck and stiffarm as can few players. His punting brought his team out conqueror in many contests. Opponents of Paul Quinn start worrying whenever the Quinnites get within thirty-five or forty yards of the goal posts, for Sheppard's toe seldom fails to send the ball straight through the uprights. His field goal record is one of the most remarkable in foot ball history.

Ritchie is a good punter and receiver and an excellent passer and ball carrier. His all-round ability and skill make him a most valuable player. Sharp-witted and consistent, he is always at his best, playing a great game defensively and offensively.

Anderson, full back, can be depended on in carrying the ball, punting, tackling and catching. On muddy fields, with the ball soaking wet, Anderson punted fifty and sixty yards. His great strength and height make him a hard man to stop. His punting, line bucking and running were factors in the Lincoln-West Virginia and Lincoln-Howard ties.

Turner is the most brainy quarter-back in Negro foot ball. Quick to see an advantage, and equally quick to make use of it, he outgeneralled and outfought every quarter back who played against him. He knows how to run a team for all the team is worth, getting from each player his best. He is a great punter, a reliable passer, a fine ball carrier and a dangerous open field runner. He seems never to worry. He never loses his head. With his team behind at Columbus, Ohio, on Thanksgiving Day, Turner, cool and determined, gave his teammates orders as though West Virginia had the game "salted down". West Virginia won.

The members of the Second Team run close upon the heels of the First Team players. Long and Gaiters are dandy ends, ends who know every angle of the game. Tynes and Jennings are great tackles, and Calloway and Miller are excellent guards. Pindle was the greatest center in the Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association and one of the outstanding players of the year. Payne, at quarter, is a field general of ability, while Ward, Stevenson and Parker form a backfield that would be hard to beat. Ward is the hardest line hitting back in the game. Stevenson and Parker are good at running, punting and passing.

The Third Team is made up of eleven players who know and love the game and who had few equals in their positions. They played consistent foot ball throughout the season, giving their best in every contest in which they took part.

Lullaby

LANGSTON HUGHES

MY little dark baby,
My little earth-thing,
My little love-one,
What shall I sing
For your lullaby?
Stars,
Stars,
A necklace of stars
Winding the night.

My little black baby,
My dark body's baby,
What shall I sing
For your lullaby?
Moon,
Moon,
Great diamond moon,
Kissing the night.

Oh, little dark baby,
Night black baby,
Stars, stars,
Moon,
Night stars,
Moon,
For your sleep-song lullaby!

The Broken Banjo

A Prize Play

BY WILLIS RICHARDSON

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THIS play took the first prize of $75 in our contest of 1925. It cannot be reproduced without permission. Persons interested may write THE CRISIS. *The first part was published in our February number and should be read to be appreciated. Mat, the banjo-loving husband has gone to buy shoes for Emma. Sam, the brother-in-law, accuses him of concealed murder. Emma will not believe it.*

Emma.—You can't make nobody believe that. If you had a knowed that about Matt you'd a told it long ago much as you hate him.

Sam.—Ah didn't tell it 'cause he's your husband and Ah didn't want to put you in a hole; but now you turned against me and Ah don't care.

Emma.—Ah ain't turned against you.

Sam.—Yes, you is. You don't even believe what Ah'm sayin' now.

Emma.—Ain't no way for you to make me believe that.

Sam.—It ain't, ain't it? Well, Ah'll tell you just how it happened.

Emma.—You gettin' ready to make up somethin' now.

Sam.—Ah was standin' right in the bushes when Ah seen Matt comin' along pickin' his banjo and not watchin' where he was walkin'. He walked right in old man Shelton's potato patch. Then old man Shelton runned out and started to beatin' Matt over the head with his stick. He hit Matt once or twice, but the next time he hit Matt put up his banjo to knock off the lick, and the lick broke the banjo. That made Matt so mad that before he knowed it he had picked up a rock and hit the old man right in the head with it and the old feller fell like a log. Matt grabbed his banjo and beat it and they ain't caught him yet.

Emma.—Ah know you don't think Ah'm believin' that.

Sam.—That's all right, Ah'll prove it when he comes in here.

Emma.—You sure is got to prove it to me. Ah don't believe a word you say. You all let me alone and let me cook ma husband's dinner.

(*She goes into the kitchen.*)

Adam.—It's mighty funny you ain't said nothin' to me about that before now.

Sam.—Didn't Ah tell you Ah was holdin' ma tongue 'cause Ah didn't want to get Emma in bad. You wouldn't want me to hurt ma own sister, would you?

Adam.—Seems like you might a told me anyhow long as we been runnin' together. You didn't think Ah'd pimp, did you?

Sam. (*Closing the whole matter.*)—Ain't no use to argue about it now.

(*He takes the banjo up and looks at it.*)

Sam.—This old thing's give that guy a lot o trouble.

(*He tries to pick the banjo, but is not successful.*)

Adam. (*Taking hold of the banjo.*)—Lemme show you how to pick it.

Sam. (*Still holding on to it.*)—No, you can't pick it.

Emma. (*Appearing at the kitchen door.*)—You all better put that banjo down before you break it.

Sam.—Let go the thing, Adam, and quit your playin'.

(*He pulls the banjo suddenly from Adam's hand and it accidentally strikes the table and is broken.*)

Emma. (*Coming forward.*)—Now, look what you done. You all broke that banjo and Matt's goin' to raise the devil.

Sam. (*To Adam.*)—Ah told you to quit your kiddin'.

Adam.—If you had a let me have the thing—

Emma. (*Snatching the banjo from Sam.*)—Ain't no use o' makin' excuses now. The thing's broke. What you goin' to do about it?

Sam.—Ah ain't goin' to do nothing about it.

Emma.—Both of you better get out o' here before Matt comes back.

Sam.—We ain't scared o' Matt as long as we know what we know.

Emma.—Ah'm goin' to hide this thing 'cause Ah don't want to see nobody hurt.

(*She puts the banjo into the closet.*)

Sam.—Don't worry, ain't nobody goin' to get hurt.

Emma. (*Listening.*)—Ah believe Ah hear him comin' now.

Sam.—Let him come.

(*They are silent until Matt enters from the kitchen with a package under his arm.*)

Adam.—Hi, Matt.

Matt. (*Shortly.*)—Hi.

(*To Emma in a different tone.*)—Here's the shoes, Emma.

(*He takes the shoes to the table and as he puts them down he notices that the banjo is not there.*)

Matt.—Where's ma banjo?

Emma.—You don't want no banjo now. Lemme see the shoes.

Matt.—Yes, Ah do want ma banjo. Who moved it?

Emma.—Ah moved it. Wait till you get your dinner, then get it.

Matt. (*Striking the table with his open hand.*)—Ah want it now, right now.

Emma.—Matt, for Gawd's sake don't be thinkin' about that old banjo all the time.

Matt. (*Beginning to look around.*)—Ah'll find it maself.

(*He goes to the cupboard, and in his eagerness pulls the drawer and all its contents out on the floor.*)

Emma. (*Beginning to untie the package.*)—Ah'm goin' to look at these shoes.

Matt. (*Turning to her.*)—Don't touch them shoes till Ah find ma banjo. Now, where is it?

Emma. (*After a pause, pointing to the curtains.*)—In there.

(*Matt reaches behind the curtains and brings out the banjo.*)

Matt. (*In consternation.*)—Broke! Who the devil broke this banjo? Emma, who broke ma banjo?

(*The others are silent.*)

Emma. (*Pleading with him.*)—Don't make no trouble, Matt; please don't make no trouble.

Matt. (*Taking the shoes from the table.*)—If you don't tell me who broke ma banjo Ah'm goin' to take these shoes right back.

(*Emma is silent.*)—All right, back they go.

Emma. (*As he starts out.*)—Don't take 'em, Matt; don't take 'em back!

Matt.—Who broke it, then?

Emma.—Sam broke it! Sam and Adam!

Matt. (*Throwing the shoes on the table and starting for Sam.*)—Ah'll fix you, you black dawg!

(*Sam leaves the chair quickly and jumps behind the table. Matt takes the chair up to throw it at him.*)

Sam.—Don't hit me with that chair. Ah know who killed old man Shelton!

(*Matt holds the chair in the air as if he is fastened in that position and stares at Sam in wonder.*)

Sam.—Ain't no use o' lookin' at me like that. Ah seen you when you hit him with that rock.

(*Matt lets the chair come slowly to the floor.*)

Sam. (*Coming around the table and snapping his fingers in Matt's face.*)—You ain't so smart now, is you? You ain't so anxious to smash that chair over ma head now, is you? Ah got you where Ah want you now. Ah got you in the palm o' ma hand.

(*Matt does not speak but goes quietly to the hall door and locks it putting the key into his pocket. He comes back to the table.*)

Sam.—Who the devil you think you scarin' by lockin' that door?

(*Matt goes over and locks the kitchen door before he speaks.*)

Matt. (*Coming to the table again.*)—You might have me in the palm o' your hand, but you won't have me there long.

Emma.—For Gawd's sake, Matt, what you goin' to do?

Matt.—You keep out o' this.

Sam.—You can't scare me now.

Adam. (*At last finding his voice.*)—No, you can't scare us now with what we know on you.

Matt.—What you all know on me ain't goin' to do you no good, 'cause ain't neither one of you goin' out o' this house till you swear by the Gawd that made you you won't never say no more about me and old man Shelton.

Sam.—How you think you goin' to make us swear?

Matt. (*More determined and angry.*)—Ah'm goin' to beat you till you do, or keep you right here and starve you to death.

(*To Emma.*)—Bring that Bible out here, Emma.

(*Emma gets the Bible from behind the curtains and puts it on the table.*)

Matt.—Ah know you both believe in Gawd and the devil and heaven and hell, 'cause you ain't got the guts not to; and you goin' to raise your right hands and swear on this book.

Sam. (*Taking his knife from his pocket.*)—If you lay your hands on me Ah'll stick this knife in you.

Matt. (*Reaching behind the curtains and bringing out an axe handle.*)—Ain't no use for you to start that 'cause Ah c'n settle you with one lick on the head.

Adam. (*Who has lost his nerve.*)—Aw, we'll swear; what's the use o' fightin' about it?

Matt.—Come on, then, and be quick about it.

Sam.—Don't you do it, Adam.

Adam.—Ah ain't goin' to stay in here all day.

(*Adam comes around and puts his left hand on the Bible.*)

Matt.—Lift your right hand.

(*Adam raises his right hand.*)

Matt.—Do you swear by the Gawd that made you you won't never say nothin' about me and old man Shelton?

Adam.—Yes.

Matt.—Don't say that. Say 'Ah do'.

Adam.—Ah do.

Matt. (*To Sam who stands away.*)—Now it's your turn.

Sam.—You'll have a nice time makin' me swear.

Matt.—If you don't swear Ah'll keep you right here and beat the devil out o' you till you change your mind.

Adam (*Winking at Sam while Matt is glaring at him.*)—Come on and do it, Sam; Ah want to get out o' here.

Matt.—If he don't come on he'll be sorry for it.

Sam. (*After looking steadily at Adam for a moment.*)—All right, Ah swear not to tell.

Matt.—No, you don't. You can't play that with me. Come on round here to this Bible.

(*Sam goes to the table and puts his left hand on the Bible, raising his right hand.*)—Do you swear by the Gawd that made you you won't never say nothin' about me and old man Shelton?

Sam.—Ah do.

Matt.—Now both of you c'n go; and don't never put your foot in here no more.

(*He throws the key over on the floor.*)

Adam. (*As he picks up the key.*)—We'll go, all right.

Sam. (*After the door is unlocked.*)—We'll go, but Ah'll get even with you one way or the other.

Matt. (*Starting towards them angrily.*)—Get out a' here!

(*They hasten out closing the door behind them.*)

Matt. (*Coming back to the table after unlocking the kitchen door.*)—Ah didn' think that would ever get out about old man Shelton; but you never c'n tell.

Emma.—Ah didn' know you had done that, Matt.

Matt.—Ah didn' believe nobody did. Ah didn' mean to kill him. When he broke ma banjo Ah hit him harder than Ah thought.

Emma.—What you goin' to do now?

Matt.—Nothin' but keep quiet about it.

Emma.—Yes, you is goin' to do somethin', too. You goin' to make your getaway.

Matt.—Get away for what? Didn' they swear not to tell?

Emma.—And when they was swearin' Ah seen Adam winkin' at Sam. Swearin' with them don't amount to a row o' pins.

Matt.—They'd be scared to tell after swearin' on the Bible.

Emma.—Don't you believe it. Soon as Sam gets full o' moonshine whiskey he'll tell everything he knows and that he don't know too. He'll forget he ever seen a Bible.

Matt.—Ah don't feel like runnin' from nobody.

Emma.—Sam's mad now; and Sam mad is just like Sam drunk, he'll do anything.

(*There is a pause while Emma awaits Matt's decision.*)

Well, if you won't get ready Ah'll get you ready.

(*She hurries out through the hall door. Matt sits resting his head on his hands. Presently Emma returns with a bundle of clothes which she puts on the table as she hurries to the kitchen. In a few moments she returns wrapping some bread in a paper. She puts the bread in with the clothes.*)

Matt.—Ah reckin you right about goin', Emma.

Emma.—Ah know Ah'm right. They're gettin' ready to play some trick on you. Ah seen it in their eyes.

Matt.—Where must Ah go? Ah ain't got a cent.

Emma.—That's all right, you go out the back way cross the fields to Uncle Silas' and get him to row you cross the river. When you get over beat it to A'nt Linda's and tell huh to hide you till Ah come.

Matt.—You reckon Uncle Silas 'll take me over? He don't like me. Nobody never did like me.

Emma.—Tell him Ah said so. He'll do it for me.

Matt.—When you comin'?

Emma.—Ah'll start out in the mornin'.

Matt.—But how about the money? We'll need money if we're goin' anywhere.

Emma.—That's all right about the money. Ah got a hundred and forty dollars sewed up in ma mattress. Ah been denyin' maself things that Ah wanted and needed and savin' a little at a time, 'cause Ah knowed with that temper o' yours you'd get in trouble one time or nother.

Matt. (*Taking the bundle in one hand and the banjo in the other and going to the kitchen door.*)—Ah reckon Ah been a mighty poor husband to you, but you been a mighty good wife to me, Emma; if we ever get out o' this trouble, Ah'm goin' to turn over a new leaf. Ah'm goin' now and don't you be long comin'.

Emma.—Ah'll be there first thing in the mornin'.

Matt.—All right, so long.

Emma. (*Starting towards him.*)—So long, Matt.

(*While Matt is hesitating at the kitchen door Sam and Adam enter hurriedly through the other door followed by an officer.*)

Sam. (*Pointing to Matt.*)—There he is!

The Officer.—Wait a minute, Matt; Ah want you.

Matt. (*Still standing in the doorway.*)—What do you want with me?

The Officer.—Sam told me all about old man Shelton.

Sam.—Ah told you Ah'd fix you, you bully.

Matt. (*Dropping his banjo and bundle and quickly getting his club.*)—All right, if you want me, take me!

The Officer. (*Pointing a warning finger at Matt.*)—There ain't no use for you to try that, you can't get away with it.

Emma. (*Catching Matt's arm and holding him.*)—Don't do that, Matt! Don't do it! You'll just get in more trouble.

Matt.—Ah'm in all the trouble Ah c'n get in. It can't be no worse.

Emma.—Yes, it can be worse. They won't give you but ten or fifteen years for old man Shelton 'cause you didn't mean to do that, but if you kill this man they'll hang you.

Matt.—Ah reckon you right, Emma; You always been right and Ah always been wrong. If Ah ever get out o' this Ah'll have enough sense to mind what you say.

(*Allowing her to take the stick from him he goes over to the officer.*)

Sam.—Better put the irons on him.

The Officer.—That's all right, he'll go.

Matt. (*Turning to Emma as they are about to go.*)—Good bye, Emma.

Emma. (*Standing at the left of the table her whole body trembling.*)—Good bye,—Matt.

(*As they close the door Emma raises her hands to her eyes as if to hold back the tears.*)

(The end.)

A Daughter of the American Revolution to Her Son

CLAUDE McKAY

I'M happy that you graduated high,
It stirs my pride to see what you could do
In these times, when our ways are all awry
And threatened by the vulgar parvenu.

Our noble name is linked with all the good
New England yielded from her sterling worth,
To make our country great and understood
Among the greater nations of the earth.

Our line is of a sturdy English breed,
That sought an alien land for human rights;
We always have insisted on the need
Of viewing life from our own lofty heights.

Only your great grandfather once went wrong,
Becoming radical in slavery days,
When party strife the country cleaved for long
And petty agitators strove for praise.

Remember to forget your great grandfather,
Sometimes you worry me with traits like his,
Shun sentimental liberals, but rather
Uphold the law and give to charities.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

THE YEAR 1925

FROM practically every point of view 1925 was the most successful year of activity in the history of the N. A. A. C. P. Not only is this true with regard to the amount of work done and the importance of many of the cases which the Association handled, but more largely than ever before have the friends of the N. A. A. C. P. supported its work through their contributions. The position of the Association was made more secure and its influence gained wider and greater power than in any one year since its organization. It so overwhelmingly justified its existence that carping critics who in previous years through sheer antagonism and without reason used to ask "What has the N. A. A. C. P. done?" were utterly silenced or reduced to expressions of their personal lack of admiration for various individuals connected with the Association.

SEGREGATION

THE greatest issue faced by the Association during 1925 was that of residential segregation. This discriminatory practice arose in three forms:

1. Attempts at residential segregation through property holders covenants.

2. Efforts toward that end through mob violence.

3. Legislation designed to force Negroes to live in restricted areas.

The most important case arising from segregation was that argued in the United States Supreme Court early in January by Messrs. Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall. The case is known as *Corrigan-Curtis vs. Buckley* in the District of Columbia. In 1917 the N. A. A. C. P. won the Louisville Segregation Case, that decision prohibiting enactment of residential segregation laws. As has been set forth a number of times in THE CRISIS, there arose efforts to obtain the same end through a different means—by including in deeds to property agreements by which purchasers covenanted not to sell the property to a Negro. The case in the District of Columbia arose when Mrs. Helen Curtis sought to purchase a home from Mrs. Irene Hand Corrigan, which effort was followed by the granting of an injunction to prevent such transfer. The decision in this case will affect not only Negroes but any and all other minority groups, for if such restrictive covenants against Negroes are upheld by the courts, similar agreements can be used against other groups.

The second phase of the segregation problem, that centering in mob violence, reached its highest point in the cases of Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Sweet and nine other defendants in the now famous trial in Detroit. Here the problem became a danger and a menace involving not only the principle of the Negro's right to purchase, own and occupy property, but his physical safety and his life. In Detroit, due to the great increase in the Negro population of that city, there was a serious housing shortage, and necessary expansion of areas in which Negroes lived. A similar migration had taken place among Southern whites, it being estimated that approximately 300,000 have gone to Detroit within the last decade. A great many of these carried with them their prejudices. Following attacks upon the homes of various other citizens, the Sweet home was attacked in September by a mob resulting in the killing of one member of the mob and the wounding of another. The facts of this case, including the retention of Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hayes and other prominent attorneys, are too well-known to need repetition here. As is known, the trial resulted in a hung jury, necessitating re-trial which, at the present writing, appears likely to begin between March 5th and 10th.

There were, during 1925, bombings of and other attacks upon the homes of col-

ored people in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Missouri, Roanoke, Virginia, Los Angeles and other places.

One of the more serious was an attack upon the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Browne in Staten Island, New York. The N. A. A. C. P. rendered all possible aid to Mr. Browne. It aided in securing adequate police protection; in securing the indictment of six members of the mob which had threatened Mr. Browne; and retained an attorney to file, for Mr. Browne, damage suits against his persecutors.

The third phase, that of segregation through legislation, occurred in two Southern cities, New Orleans and Norfolk. Both of these cities passed ordinances enforcing residential segregation of Negroes, though the U. S. Supreme Court in the Louisville Segregation Case declared such action unconstitutional.

The New Orleans Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. raised a little more than ten thousand dollars to handle the case in that city. The Branch won in the Civil District Court but the Supreme Court of Louisiana reversed the lower court and denied a motion for a re-hearing. The case is being prepared for appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court on a writ of error.

SCHOOL SEGREGATION

AS in the case of dwelling places there was noticed during 1925 a distinct movement towards segregation in public schools in Northern states. In Indiana the N. A. A. C. P., both through the National Office and its Indianapolis Branch, aided in a test case there as well as in similar litigation at Coffeyville, Kansas. In Philadelphia the Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. investigated a certain similar attempt and advised parents to refuse to send their children to the segregated school and forced from the school authorities a concession which blocked that attempt. In Cleveland the school board of Shaker Heights, a suburb, was prevented from barring colored pupils through a writ of mandamus secured in the Common Pleas Court which decision was later upheld by the Court of Appeals.

In other places this issue was met resolutely by the N. A. A. C. P.

LEGAL DEFENSE

THE most spectacular case of Legal Defense handled by the N. A. A. C. P. has already been referred to—the defense of the eleven persons in Detroit who defended their home against a mob. A few of the other more important cases are:

1. The continuation by the Houston, Texas, Branch of the defense of Luther Collins, accused in 1922 of rape. In June the Criminal Court of Appeals reversed the conviction of Collins and remanded the case for re-trial.

2. The appeal of Oswald Durant, a senior student at Meharry Medical College, Nashville, to the State Supreme Court, resulted in a reversal of the conviction of Durant and the remanding of his case for a new trial. Durant has been released on a small bond and the state has not as yet made any efforts toward bringing him to trial again.

There have been many other cases handled by the National Office and the Branches which will be told of in detail in the printed report.

ANTI-LYNCHING BILL

THE Legal Committee of the N. A. A. C. P. has thoroughly revised the Dyer Bill and it was introduced again in the House of Representatives by Congressman Dyer on the first day of Congress. The same bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator William B. McKinley of Illinois. The Association will again put forth sustained efforts to secure the enactment of this legislation.

DISFRANCHISEMENT

SINCE the decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1915 which ended disfranchisement through the Grandfather Clauses the most effective means of denial of the ballot to Negro citizens in the South has been the so-called "white primary" system. The Association has long wanted to test the legality of such measures and has pending in the United States Supreme Court now the case of *Nixon vs. Herndon* which arose in El Paso, Texas. Decision in this case will, it is believed, definitely settle the question as to whether or not Negroes can be disfranchised in this manner. As is evident, the decision in this case will

Barbara Byrd Bawling
1st Prize, Norfolk, Va.

Elaine Stockton
1st Prize, Uniontown, Pa.

Arlene Donegan
3rd Prize, Seattle, Wash.

Lina Juanita Jordan
3rd Prize, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Ann Gamble
1st Prize, Charleston, W. Va.

Warren Wesley Bright
2nd Prize, Norfolk, Va.

Louis Wilson Jenkins
1st Prize, Greensboro, N. C.

Rose V. Parks
1st Prize, Terre Haute, Ind.

James Albert Norrell
3rd Prize, Richmond, Va.

be one of the most important ever rendered by the Supreme Court.

ANTI-INTERMARRIAGE BILLS

IN Ohio through the vigilance and activity of Mr. Harry E. Davis of Cleveland, Mr. W. P. Dabney of Cincinnati, Professor Herbert A. Miller of Ohio State University, and others, a bill prohibiting intermarriage was defeated, Mr. H. C. Kingsley, representing the Cleveland Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., designating the bill as "the Magna Charta of bastardy". In Michigan the Lansing Branch achieved the same result, as did the Des Moines Branch in Iowa. The most effective argument against this measure was that a law would set the stamp of legal approval upon concubinage, bastardy and the degradation of colored women through the deprivation to them of the protection of matrimony.

There were a number of other cases of considerable importance, mention of which here is impossible through lack of space. A full account will be given in the printed report.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

ONE of the most successful and in many respects the largest Annual Conference was held during the last week of June at Denver, Colorado.

FINANCES

AS a result of the victories won by the Association and the importance of many of the issues handled, the Association had the most successful year it has ever experienced so far as financial support is concerned. This support showed that its careful unremitting work is being stamped with approval by the public at large. At the time that this is being written the Association's books are being examined by certified public accountants. A full detailed report will be printed in the April issue of THE CRISIS. The total received for the General Fund during 1925 was $72,081.23; to December 31st, $40,544.19 had been received for the Defense Fund. (The total received by the National Office to date, January 30th, for Defense Fund is $69,792.13. In addition the Detroit Branch raised $7,096.39.)

PUBLICITY

DURING 1925 a total of 485 press releases were sent from the National Office which were printed very largely by the 232 colored newspapers, and by the white press. Most extraordinary assistance was given the Association through the loyalty of the colored newspapers.

THE above is but a very short summary of the work of the N. A. A. C. P. during the year 1925. It marked, as has already been stated, a triumphant consummation of many of the ideals and purposes which led to the formation of the N. A. A. C. P. and the continuation of its work during the past seventeen years. Through the support which it is receiving, the year of 1926 will probably mark an even greater activity than the year just closed.

FIELD WORK 1925

DURING 1925 the Association held 486 meetings in 308 cities of 31 states. The meetings addressed by the National Officers are as follows:

Officers	Meetings	Mileage
Robert W. Bagnall	166	19,381
William Pickens	216	26,384
Walter White	48	15,452
James Weldon Johnson	16	6,908
Mary White Ovington	3	360
Volunteer Speakers	37	7,032
Total	486	75,517

During the year 20 new branches were organized and 8 revived. The new branches are as follows:

East Chicago, Ind., Lawrence County, Ind., La Porte County, Ind., Georgetown, Ill., Long Branch, N. J., Cherryvale, Kans., Chanute, Kans., Alamosa, Colo., St. Joseph, Mo., Columbia, Mo., Mt. Clemens Mich., Billings, Mont., Staten Island, N. Y., Yonkers, N. Y., Warren, Ohio, Vernonia, Ore., Calhoun County, S. C., Longview, Wash., Keystone, W. Va., Campbellton, Fla.

The financial showing of the branches in 1925 exceeds all previous records. The branches gave for all purposes $66,301.38 in contrast with $42,376.24 in 1924—their best previous record. In the successful Defense Fund Drive the branches contributed approximately $26,000.

The Honor Roll has 126 branches. Had it not been for the concentration on the Defense Fund, many others would have won this distinction. The Honor Roll Branches are:

Alabama, Birmingham; Arizona, Bisbee, Douglas, Tucson; Arkansas, Little Rock, Pine Bluff; California, Bakersfield, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Modesto, Needles, Northern California, Pasadena, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Monica, Stockton, Tehama County, Santa Barbara, Pacific Grove; Colorado, Canon City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Alamosa; Delaware, Wilmington; Connecticut, New Britain and Plainville, New Haven, Bridgeport; District of Columbia, Washington; Florida, Key West; Illinois, Bloomington-Normal, Cairo, Champaign, Danville, Peoria, Georgetown, Springfield; Georgia, Rome; Indiana, French Lick, Gary, Lawrence County, South Bend, Terre Haute; Iowa, Keokuk, Waterloo; Kansas, Arkansas City, Atchison, Cherryvale, Chanute, Lawrence, Newton, Topeka; Kentucky, Frankfort, Louisville, Maysville; Maine, Bangor;

Maryland, Baltimore, Massachusetts, New Bedford, Haverhill, Worcester; Michigan, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Mt. Clemens; Minnesota, St. Paul; Missouri, Jefferson City, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Joseph; Montana, Butte, Great Falls; Nebraska, Alliance, Beatrice, Lincoln; New Jersey, Atlantic City, Long Branch, Montclair, Newark, The Oranges, Plainfield, Trenton; New York, Elmira, Nyack, Rochester, Saratoga Springs, Staten Island, Troy, Yonkers; Ohio, Cleveland, Columbus, Mansfield, Wellsville; Oklahoma, Chickasha, Enid, Logan County; Oregon, Portland; Pennsylvania, Chester, Cheyney, Connellsville, Erie, Harrisburg, Hollidaysburg, Lancaster, Media, Philadelphia; South Dakota, Sioux Falls, Yankton; Texas, El Paso, Yoakum; Utah, Salt Lake City; Virginia, Danville, Newport News, Norfolk, Roanoke; Washington, Seattle, Spokane; West Virginia, Charleston, Gary; Wisconsin, Beloit, Milwaukee; Wyoming, Casper, Cheyenne; New Mexico, Raton, Albuquerque.

The branches of the state of California led the country in the total amount contributed to National work—$8,894.35. This is an increase of $6,263.77 over the record of 1924.

The Philadelphia Branch had the honor of heading the branch list for total contributions, giving $4,410.55. The Detroit Branch headed the honor roll of amounts paid on apportionment, and in addition raised $6,137.64 for the Sweet Case, which was locally administered. New Orleans during the year raised around $10,000 for its Segregation Case. The New York Women's Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. F. E. Miller, together with a committee of women under Mrs. Lillian Alexander, contributed to the National work $5,169.17, the largest amount given for National work by any one group during the year.

BABY CONTESTS

SEVENTY-EIGHT Baby Contests were held during the year through which a gross amount around $20,000 was raised, of which there was sent to the National Office $12,364.69.

IT is interesting to note that during the year the principal support of the Association came from the following states in the relative order named: California, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri. The support of the Association by districts is here indicated:

New England	
Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., R. I., Conn	$ 5,377.74
Middle Atlantic	
New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania	15,378.58
East North Central	
Ohio, Ind., Ill., Mich., Wis	12,602.12
West North Central	
Minn., Ia., Mo., N. Dak., S. Dak., Nebr., Kans.	6,718.75
South Atlantic	
Del., Md., D. C., Va., W. Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., Fla.	7,257.36
East South Central	
Ky., Tenn., Ala., Miss	1,771.08
West South Central	
Ark., La., Okla., Texas	3,068.20
Mountain	
Mont., Idaho, Wyo., Colo., N. Mex., Ariz., Utah, Nevada	3,889.35
Pacific	
Wash., Oregon, California	10,238.20
	$66,301.38

The Little Page

Whimsies for the Younger Folk

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

CALENDAR CHAT

I AM Early March. May I take you on my wind wings to the creek? I have something there to show you, so come!

All right. Here we are. How frothy and brown the creek looks, as it rushes on, heavy with a burden of melted snow! The banks of the stream are oozy and wet, and here and there peeps up a gay green grass blade.

The sycamore trees on the water edge look bare and homely, brown here, and there a dull white, like some worn out quilt. But look at the sycamores' neighbors, the water willows, almost fairy-like with a tint that hangs about their branches as a delicate veil. It is the glow from the small buds which show their yellow-green so early on the water willow trees.

I have brought you to the creek to gather a few sprigs of the wild strawberry that grows so near. That is it with the dull green leaf. It looks colorless and almost dead, yet you will find the roots capped with a warm cherry tint of carmine, and note that they are much alive.

There is also some common marsh pennywort with glossy green leaves, growing beside the wild strawberry. Take the leaves of pennywort and wild strawberry home and press them carefully in a book. Then when I—March—have returned to the rest home of the seasons remember who brought to you the first thought of Spring, and showed you that the sodden earth and chilly air were working with the sun to make the countryside green.

For many people say that I rush up the road of time simply to roughly tussle with all that is growing outside. Yet I have the same interest that May has in nature's beauty, only I need birds and flowers and warmer suns to help me out.

Yet every star-gold crocus that wakes up the garden, every dogwood chandelier that lights the forest can show how I urged them on to brighten the world with beauty. I helped wash away the snows for the bluebirds that my younger sister brings in her bright green apron all perfumed with wistaria and honeysuckle bloom.

THE MARCH WINDS

HARK-FORWARD! Aye, *yoicks!*
The March hunt is on!
We're out for those roses
That went from the lawn.
We're seeking the lilacs
That fled from the bush.
We'll find them all shortly
In one merry rush.
Oh, *tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,* oh!
We'll bring back the flowers.
Hark-forward we go!

IT'S MARCH WIND'S HOLIDAY

THE funny flakes of snow flit round
And flutter through the air
Like tiny hosts of wand'ring birds,
Finding a perch nowhere.

It's March Wind toying with the flakes—
It's March Wind's holiday—
But soon I know the sun will come
And end this happy play.

BRAVO, CARDINAL!

IT is a mild March morning. The sun shines bright, but the earth looks colorless and wet. The spruce glows green, but all other trees are gray. And even the spruce, if maples and lindens and birches had on their fresh spring foliage, would appear rather brownish and dingy; you can discover this later on when new parsley-green sprigs shine out on the spruce.

However, now it is the only spot of green in the old front yard in which the cardinal is singing. He seems to have come out from among its shadows to "whistle" in good cheer.

His fierce war bonnet on his head,
His crimson war paint on,
He flashes forth to meet the sun
That lights the fires of dawn,
And blazes all the waiting east
In one fierce fiery trail.

Which is the braver in the fight
To give to day its splendor,
The sun with all his blinding might,
Or singing Cardinal slender?—
His fierce war bonnet on his head,
His crimson war paint on,
Who flashes forth to meet the sun
And challenge fires of dawn!

A CARDINAL IN EARLY SPRING

LITTLE bird, red bird,
Singing in the pine,
Jolly, merry fellow,
Such a friend of mine!
Snow is still a-hiding
In the woodland coves,
But you've come with music,
Lighting up the groves.

Winds are still a-whistling,
Mornings white and cold.
Yet you're here this early
With your song of gold.
Little bird, red bird,
Singing in the pine,
Jolly, merry fellow,
Such a friend of mine!

ELF KITES

I THINK the elves fly those leaf-kites
That fill the skies in spring.
They're hid away somewhere, the sprites!
Holding a cobweb string.

Their kites are papery leaves of fall
Once hid beneath the snow.
Elves send them tossing over all,
While jolly March winds blow.

THE WHISTLE

HAVE you ever tried to whistle
On two fingers like a man?
I've worked hard to do it often,
Yet somehow I never can.
Father takes the two short fingers
That are next the middle one
And gives out a shrill long whistle
Till my dog comes, in a run.
I will use those same two fingers,
Puff until my cheeks are round,
But instead of any whistle,
There just comes a blowing sound.

Salvation

Third Prize Essay in THE CRISIS *Contest 1925*

GUSTAVUS A. STEWARD

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD was born at Wilmington, Delaware, November 22, 1881. He was the son of the late Chaplain T. G. Steward and Elizabeth Gadsden Steward. He was educated at the public schools of Missoula, Montana, the University of Montana and at Wilberforce and Oberlin Universities. He has taught at the government school, Agno, Zambales, Philippine Islands, at the High School at St. Joseph, Missouri, and for ten years in Southern schools for Negroes including Tuskegee Institute where he filled teaching and administrative positions. At present he is cashier for the Supreme Life and Casualty Company at Columbus, Ohio. His writings have appeared in THE CRISIS, *The Dearborn Independent* and *The Nation*.

G. A. STEWARD

Mr. Steward inherits his writing ability. His father was Dr. Theophilus. G. Steward who in connection with his brother William published a study of "Gouldtown, A Very Remarkable Settlement of Ancient Date". This is the history of the Goulds and Pierces, who have, according to reliable records, flourished in the vicinity of Bridgeton, N. J., since 1680.

I

BAPTISM

THE perfervid, holiness-spreading minions of the Apostolic Holy Writ Association, coming from all parts of the world, representing every race and nation, descended becomingly upon the ordinarily-busy, dollar-chasing city to hold their Convention, and politely invaded the homes of high and low, leaving behind—"at a nominal price that just barely covered cost of production"—virtue-oozing tracts, pamphlets and nice religious-looking books. So great was their success in scattering these "wundraful" devotional classics that a spokesman at the meeting closing the campaign announced a staggering figure as total of copies disposed of.

Thus were American homes to be regenerated. Contact with these "precious pearls of purity and light" was to convict and convert sinners to Christ. Nothing was said regarding this contact, whether it was to be made by actually reading the books or otherwise. Similarly nothing was said of the enormous profits in "sowing these seeds of righteousness". But the spokesman prayed convincingly that before the Convention closed many would "see the light".

He was not disappointed. Among those "renouncing the world, the flesh and the Devil" were several persons of color;—which was to be expected, as there had been black brethren among the tract-selling cohorts and as they had duly recovered from the swarthy recipients of the "wundraful" texts a surprisingly large supply of perfectly good nickels, dimes and quarters.

Nothing daunted by this spattering of black converts, the Convention made arrangements to baptize those recently "born again". Now, the builders of the great coliseum where the Convention was held did not anticipate baptism in their plans, so that with the exception of a reasonable number of lavatories and drinking fountains there was no water in the enormous

shed. Consequently the ceremony could not be held there. True, there were some cattle-dipping tanks close by, but they received only momentary consideration. The churches were canvassed, but there was not one of them which, in addition to containing a baptismal pool, had the desired seating capacity. So the Convention was driven to secure Palmwood Park because in it was a large sanitary swimming pool and because with a little extra effort a sufficient number of portable seats could be arranged about the pool to accommodate the throbbing mass of humans expected.

The baptism was to occur on the morning of the Sunday which ended the Convention. It was to be the high water mark of religious fervor, demonstrating to the city and the world the power of the Gospel and the ideal of Christian brotherhood of all mankind for which the association loftily, noisily, boastingly stood. The candidates, black and white, were assembled about the pool. The preliminary speaking had begun. The spectators had reached the proper emotional pitch of pious, restrained expectancy—or curiosity. The clergymen who were actually to officiate in the rite had made final adjustment of their water-proofing and had taken their places in the pool. A hymn, a solemnly intoned benediction on the converted, was rising on the morning air from thousands of spiritually-purged, alarmingly-glorified throats. A candidate descended into the pool, was immersed, returned amid amens and hallelujahs, and the process was repeated several times.

Suddenly there was a halt in the slowly moving line of candidates. An unexplained commotion in the knot of people immediately surrounding them attracted all attention. It developed that the owner of the park had appeared, had quietly but firmly and kindly told the Convention leaders that Negroes were not allowed in the park, and quietly, firmly and kindly declared, with perhaps just a little too great emphasis for so high and holy an occasion, that Negroes certainly could not be baptized in the pool. The Convention leaders expostulated, gesticulated, with Christian gentleness, but the park owner remained quiet, kind and firm. As a result the black converts were separated from the others and the line of now entirely white candidates closed up and resumed its slow march towards the steps leading to the pool. A candidate descended, was immersed, ascended amid amens and hallelujahs, and the process continued until the line of waiting converts disappeared.

The black penitents were escorted by a white leader to a little muddy creek outside the city limits, and there were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Meanwhile, lying innocuously in Negro homes about the city were virtue-oozing tracts, pamphlets and churchy-looking books, and the Apostolic Holy Writ Association had demonstrated to the city and the world the power of the Gospel and the ideal of Christian brotherhood for which it so clamorously stood.

II

Confirmation

Robert is seeking confirmation. Robert is of the earnest and thoughtful type of Christian. Because of that fact his religious life has not been at all peaceful, New Testament assurance to the contrary notwithstanding. Born of protestant parents in a North Carolina village, it was not long before he came under the persistent proselyting influence of family friends of the Roman persuasion. As a result, at a tender age he was lisping *"Pater Nosters"* and *"Ave Marias"* in company with sundry other round-headed, nut-brown urchins of the little Roman Catholic Mission for Negroes to which a benevolent old "father" devoted his utmost and unceasing endeavors. As an adolescent Robert was an intensely pious, if somewhat emotional, Roman Catholic, and then his troubles began. His protestant parents put pressure on him from without; his sense of filial obligation oppressed him from within. Parents gently remonstrated with him for abandoning the faith of his fathers, and always after these increasingly frequent family hearings he was torn by self accusatory feelings of wilful disobedience of the parental mandate. He loved the Roman Catholic communion and feared to jeopardize his soul's salvation by leaving it; he loved his parents and feared the consequences to his soul by violation of the fifth commandment. He remained in a state of spiritual malaise. Prospective calm for his disquietude came providentially from unexpected quarters. It proved to be a compromise which offered to harmonize the conflict between loyalty to his church and loyalty to his parents.

Into the tiny North Carolina village moved a sedate English couple. Robert went to work for them. In the charming countryside one thing dear to the English couple was noticeably lacking. There was no CHURCH; only "the denominations" and the popish abomination. At once they saw their duty. Unobtrusively, zealously, devoutly they set about it. In due time a beautiful, trim little Gothic edifice appeared. A rector came. Appropriate panoply and ceremony followed. The Church of England had conquered again.

The communicants were few, very few, so few that they might easily be outnumbered by a single showing of one's fingers. Upon a little urging by his considerate employers, Robert became a regular and welcome attendant. To his great relief and delight he found this to be a protestant church, yet not greatly different in forms of worship from the Roman Catholic. There were the altar and candles, the cross and inscriptions, the holy water and censer, the priest and acolytes. There were the same genuflections and signs of the cross. True, the priest read the service in English, but after all, was not that an improvement? At any rate, it was all decidedly like the Catholic Church he loved. Indeed, the word catholic often appeared in the prayer book and often fell from the lips of the priest. Here then was a heaven-sent opportunity to be protestant as were his parents without feeling that he was deserting his early faith. He decided to be confirmed. He spoke of his decision to the good English people. They were overjoyed. They saw their labor's fruition. A soul was being added to the folk. Already the sacrifice they had made to secure the Church was more than repaid. They would speak to the rector at once regarding Robert's confirmation. They did. The rector was vague at first, later became unduly and mysteriously sympathetic, and finally apologetic. Embarrassed, he advised them awkwardly that he would have to consult his bishop first to ascertain if a colored person might be confirmed in the beautiful little edifice the good English couple had built. Thus the Church of England succumbed to the peculiarly virulent American type of race prejudice.

Some time thereafter, on the high tide of Southern migration, Robert came to the North. He is seeking confirmation. He plans now to join the next confirmation class of the little "colored" Episcopal mission in the city where he now lives. When the bishop lays hands on his head, he hopes he will have secured peace. For he will have done what his parents have long desired, and he believes he will have hushed his conscience's constant and irritating whispers of defection.

III

Holy Communion

Hubert came back out of war time Y work with an unsatisfied hankering to busy himself in the "uplift". His effort as boys' work secretary in a midwestern Y aborted. Meanwhile Hubert had been confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Soon thereafter came to him an opportunity to do the sort of welfare work he liked. The opportunity took him hundreds of miles away into a Southern seacoast city. Prior existing friction in the management of the work he went to assume soon forced him out. He went to an Ohio river town and secured a job in the shops of a railway company. He did not like the town nor the work. Still with wife and child to support, with resources greatly depleted by his recent enforced traveling, he could not choose. One of the compensations for his disagreeable environment was the chance to attend the church of his choice. True, it was a "white" church, but then it was the only Episcopal church in the town. Moreover, the rector was kind; the people not too exasperatingly patronizing. Indeed, in spite of the evident "color" of Hubert and family, the minister and congregation seemed "rather nice". The rector often inquired concerning his welfare and different ones of the congregation frequently expressed earnest solicitude for his family. Soon he felt almost comfortable among them. At least he was "at home" in the church.

The Sunday to celebrate the Holy Communion was approaching. As soon as it was announced from the pulpit, Hubert became annoyed by an uneasiness which he at first refused to analyze. Somehow, in spite of the apparent cordiality of the church people, he was immediately harrassed by an uncertainty regarding their ultimate attitude. His uncertainty grew more disturbing as he centered his thoughts on the coming communion service. He wanted to commune like the others. The

ceremony meant a great deal to him. But he was distressed. What should he do when the priest elevated the paten and silently invited the people to come forward to partake of the Lord's body? How would these good Christian people behave if he then went forward to drink the Lord's blood from the same consecrated cup with them? Suppose the priest should refuse the cup? Suppose the others should decline to kneel beside him? He shuddered as he pictured his humiliation. To resolve the difficulty he had conjured for himself he decided to talk to his minister. When he called, the bishop was visiting the rector. He was made welcome. He gave expression to the feeling which had tormented him lately. He put the matter squarely before the bishop and the rector. They said they appreciated and quite thoroughly understood the delicacy of his feeling, and they both concurred in the advice, gently, considerately, almost unctiously given, that in view of the highly undesirable situation which might otherwise arise, it would be so nice if he would come *last* to the communion rail.

Hubert did not commune. A knee severely hurt while at work in the shops compelled him to give up his job a little while after his visit of conscience to his minister. He moved to another town where he now takes communion in the "colored" Episcopal church. His hankering for the "uplift" has subsided. To support his family he assiduously pushes mop and broom in a downtown business place.

Our Book Shelf

Books Which You Must Know About Reviewed by Sympathetic Readers. All of Them Are for Sale at The CRISIS Book Shop

Color. A Book of Verse. By Countee Cullen. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1925. 108 pages.

COLOR is the name of Mr. Cullen's book and color is, rightly, in every sense its prevailing characteristic. For not only does every bright glancing line abound in color but it is also in another sense the yard-stick by which all the work in this volume is to be measured. Thus his poems fall into three categories: Those, and these are very few, in which no mention is made of color; those in which the adjectives "black" or "brown" or "ebony" are deliberately introduced to show that the type which the author had in mind was not white; and thirdly the poems which arise out of the consciousness of being a "Negro in a day like this" in America.

These last are not only the most beautifully done but they are by far the most significant group in the book. I refer especially to poems of the type of "Yet do I Marvel", "The Shroud of Color", "Heritage" and "Pagan Prayer". It is in such work as this that the peculiar and valuable contribution of the American colored man is to be made to American literature. For any genuine poet black or white might have written "Oh for a Little While be Kind" or the lines to "John Keats"; the idea contained in a "Song of Praise" was used long ago by an old English poet and has since been set to music by Roger Quilter. But to pour forth poignantly and sincerely the feelings which make plain to the world the innerness of the life which black men live calls for special understanding. Cullen has packed into four illuminating lines the psychology of colored Americans, that strange extra dimension which totally artificial conditions have forced into a sharp reality. He writes:

All day long and all night through,
One thing only must I do:
Quench my pride and cool my blood,
Lest I perish in the flood.

That is the new expression of a struggle now centuries old. Here I am convinced is Mr. Cullen's forte; he has the feeling and the gift to express colored-ness in a world of whiteness. I hope he will not be deflected from continuing to do that of which he has made such a brave and beautiful beginning. I hope that no one crying down "special treatment" will turn him from his native and valuable genre. There *is* no "universal treatment"; it is all specialized. When Kipling spoke of having the artist to

"paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are",

he set the one infallible rule by which all workmanship should be conceived, achieved and judged. In a time when it is the vogue

to make much of the Negro's aptitude for clownishness or to depict him objectively as a serio-comic figure, it is a fine and praiseworthy act for Mr. Cullen to show through the interpretation of his own subjectivity the inner workings of the Negro soul and mind.

The Weary Blues. A Book of Verse. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1926. 109 *pages.*

Very perfect is the memory of my first literary acquaintance with Langston Hughes. In the unforgettable days when we were publishing THE BROWNIES' BOOK we had already appreciated a charming fragile conceit which read:

Out of the dust of dreams,
Fairies weave their garments;
Out of the purple and rose of old memories,
They make purple wings.
No wonder we find them such marvelous things.

Then one day came "The Negro Speaks of Rivers". I took the beautiful dignified creation to Dr. Du Bois and said: "What colored person is there, do you suppose, in the United States who writes like that and yet is unknown to us?" And I wrote and found him to be a Cleveland high school graduate who had just gone to live in Mexico. Already he had begun to assume that remote, so elusive quality which permeates most of his work. Before long we had the pleasure of seeing the work of the boy, whom we had sponsored, copied and recopied in journals far and wide. "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" even appeared in translation in a paper printed in Germany.

Not very long after Hughes came to New York and not long after that he began to travel and to set down the impressions, the pictures, which his sensitive mind had registered of new forms of life and living in Holland, in France, in Spain, in Italy and in Africa.

His poems are warm, exotic and shot through with color. Never is he preoccupied with form. But this fault, if it is one, has its corresponding virtue, for it gives his verse, which almost always is imbued with the essence of poetry, the perfection of spontaneity. And one characteristic which makes for this bubbling-like charm is the remarkable objectivity which he occasionally achieves, remarkable for one so young, and a first step toward philosophy. Hughes has seen a great deal of the world, and this has taught him that nothing matters much but life. Its forms and aspects may vary, but living is the essential thing. Therefore make no bones about it,—"make the most of what you too may spend".

Some consciousness of this must have been in him even before he began to wander for he sent us as far back as 1921:

"Shake your brown feet, honey,
Shake your brown feet, chile,
Shake your brown feet, honey,
Shake 'em swift and wil'— . . .
Sun's going down this evening—
Might never rise no mo'.
The sun's going down this very night—
Might never rise no mo'—
So dance with swift feet, honey,
(The banjo's sobbing low) . . .
The sun's going down this very night—
Might never rise no mo'."

Now this is very significant, combining as it does the doctrine of the old Biblical exhortation, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow ye die", Horace's "Carpe diem", the German "Freut euch des Lebens" and Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may". This is indeed a universal subject served Negro-style and though I am no great lover of any dialect I hope heartily that Mr. Hughes will give us many more such combinations.

Mr. Hughes is not always the calm philosopher; he has feeling a-plenty and is not ashamed to show it. He "loved his friend" who left him and so taken up is he with the sorrow of it all that he has no room for anger or resentment. While I do not think of him as a protagonist of color,—he is too much the citizen of the world for that—, I doubt if any one will ever write more tenderly, more understandingly, more humorously of the life of Harlem shot through as it is with mirth, abandon and pain. Hughes comprehends this life, has studied it and loved it. In one poem he has epitomized its essence:

Does a jazz-band ever sob?
They say a jazz-band's gay.
Yet as the vulgar dancers whirled
And the wan night wore away,
One said she heard the jazz-band sob
When the little dawn was grey.

Harlem is undoubtedly one of his great loves; the sea is another. Indeed all life is his love and his work a brilliant, sensitive interpretation of its numerous facets.—

JESSIE FAUSET.

Porgy. By DuBose Heyward. George H. Doran Company. New York. 1925. 196 *pages.*

DuBose Heyward's little novel of colored Charleston life, "Porgy", is a beautiful piece of work. It is the Iliad of a small black beggar in the underworld of labor and crime surrounded by whiskey and lust and sanctified with music, a queer and quaint religion and a great yearning flood of love.

Seldom before has a white Southern writer done black folk with so much of sympathy and subtle understanding. Heyward knows Porgy and his fellows; but his very knowledge brings forward the old and ever young criticism: Charleston has 35,000 persons of Negro descent. They include not only pitiful and terrible figures —beggars, drunkards and prostitutes—but self-supporting and self-respecting laborers and servants, artisans and merchants, professional men and housewives. There is a group of educated and well-to-do folk, beautiful in character and face, who look back on generations of freedom and comfort and accomplishment. Out of Charleston for a hundred years has flowed leadership of the colored folk of America and in Charleston still rest men and women who would be a credit to any modern nation.

And yet if Charleston were swept by a cataclysm tomorrow, and the archaeologists of the 40th century searched white men's writings to learn of its inhabitants in the 20th century, "Porgy" would remain as the best, almost the only picture. It would be a fine picture of the best type of Negro which DuBose Heyward could really know. Into the black underworld he can go almost unhindered save by that subtle veil he so delicately paints. But between him and the main mass of Charleston Negroes there is an unpassable gulf. Whose ever the fault is, the loss to art is irreparable.

W. E. B. D.

The Outer Pocket

When I was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts some years ago, there was one student who was debarred from a traveling scholarship solely (the rest of us thought) on account of his Negro blood. As an artist he ranked very high.

Although I am not a Negro, the incident made me bitter against race prejudice, and I determined that I would do all that I could to break down such prejudice.

I am now vice-president of a company which publishes six monthly magazines. One of them—The American Art Student and Commercial Artist—has the largest paid circulation of any art magazine in the world.

I would be glad to give free publicity to anything along art lines relating to the colored race, either short news items or long signed articles which are, of course, appropriate.

FREEMAN H. HUBBARD,
New York.

I want to show my appreciation of the practical importance of your editorial in the September issue of THE CRISIS on "Education" by offering you my co-operation in putting over your suggestion that every Negro Church be induced to support a black student in college every year. Nothing could be more important and here at least we can all agree and co-operate.

Every Negro Church supporting a black student in college every year is a slogan calculated to create enthusiasm and stir our religious organizations as scarcely anything else could possibly stir them.

What can we do collectively to put such a program over? JAMES BOND,
Director Interracial Commission
for Kentucky.

The Horizon

¶ In the February CRISIS we published the picture of the St. Louis N. A. A. C. P. Committee of ladies who so efficiently conducted a Baby Contest but through some oversight their names were omitted. The ladies are first row, reading from left to right: Mrs. Melanie Pruitt, Mrs. Benj. H. Brown, Secretary, Mrs. Chas. E. Herriott, Chairman, Mrs. W. C. Bridges, Treasurer, Mrs. Mattie Mitchell. Second row: Mrs. H. A. Smith, Miss Emilie Parker, Mrs. W. S. Bailey, Mrs. Mattie Countejean, Mrs. Nellie Agee.

¶ The "Four Harmony Kings" under the management of I. H. Browning are singing in Liverpool and London. Sissle and Blake, and Layton and Johnstone are also entertaining the English.

¶ The sixth annual conference of the African Students' Union of America met at Hampton Institute. This group is interested in keeping alive the spirit of African students in this country, in discovering the best ways of making valuable contacts, and in interpreting African student thinking to American students. The Rev. Norman Wilson of New York City is President.

¶ The population of Brazil consists of forty-four per cent pure white; fourteen and six-tenths per cent Negro; Indian, nine per cent; mixed, thirty-two and four-tenths per cent.

¶ The Southern Aid Society of Virginia, whose home office is in Richmond, took in last year total receipts of $942,453; which, added to their cash balance, made total receipts of $1,113,731. During the year they paid policy holders $380,877 and paid in salaries and commissions $328,518. These and other items brought the total disbursements up to $824,356, leaving a cash balance, December 31, of $289,424. Their total assets, including $378,551 in real estate, amount to $871,345. Their liabilities, including capital stock, are $131,778; leaving a surplus of $739,566. The society is 33 years old and during its operation has paid out in claims $4,015,655. Its president is J. T. Carter and its secretary B. L. Jordan.

¶ By the will of David Hale Fanning, a corset manufacturer, Talladega College received $25,000 for a new dormitory and a share in the residual estate.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

THE ALPHA PHI ALPHA AT DETROIT

THE DELTA SIGMA THETA AT DES MOINES

THE KAPPA ALPHA PSI AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE OMEGA PSI PHI AT TUSKEGEE

DURING the holiday season we have note of the meetings of five of the chief Negro Greek letter fraternities and sororities. The oldest of them, the *Alpha Phi Alpha*, held its 18th annual convention in Detroit with Julian Lewis, Assistant Professor of Pathology, University of Chicago, as opening speaker. $1000 was set aside for scholarships and the question of discrimination in Northern colleges was taken up. Raymond W. Cannon of Minneapolis was re-elected to serve a third term as National President. J. H. B. Evans of Atlanta, Georgia, is general secretary. The next convention will be in Richmond, Virginia.

The 8th annual meeting of the *Delta Sigma Theta* Sorority was held in Des Moines. It has a loan fund for its members and a scholarship fund available for all college girls. Both funds are in active operation and a scholarship has been awarded to a student in the University of Pennsylvania this year. The graduate chapter in New York City awarded its first foreign scholarship to Gwendolyn Bennett who is studying painting in Paris. The next meeting of the sorority will be in Cincinnati, Ohio. There are 34 chapters. Miss G. Dorothy Pelham was re-elected president.

The *Kappa Alpha Psi* fraternity met at Columbia University, New York. It established a national scholarship and pledged over $7000 to a housing fund. Earl B. Dickerson of Chicago was elected Grand Polemarch and J. E. Wilkins of Chicago, Grand Keeper of Records and Exchequer. Laurel wreaths were given to T. G. Nutter of Charleston, W. Va. and A. A. Alexander of Des Moines, Iowa. The fraternity has 42 chapters and a membership of 2 000.

The *Omega Psi Phi* fraternity met at Tuskegee, Alabama. It has 63 chapters. It donated $200 to the Defense Fund of the N. A. A. C. P. and was addressed by Assistant Attorney General M. W. Bullock of Massachusetts. It held an adjourned meeting in Atlanta. George L. Vaughn of St. Louis was re-elected Grand Basileus and W. H. Mazyck of Washington, Grand Keeper of Records and Seals. The fraternity will meet in Chicago next year.

The *Alpha Kappa Alpha* sorority held its meeting in Washington. It has 2,000 members in 49 chapters. 29 of the chapters were represented. Over $4000 in national and local scholarships were reported and a foreign scholarship of $1000 was announced as available for 1926. The sorority will meet in Columbus, Ohio, next year. Mrs. Pauline Sims-Puryear of Petersburg, Virginia, was elected Basileus and Miss Ruth Weatherless of Washington, D. C., was elected Grammateus.

There are five other Greek letter societies whose meetings have not been reported to us: *the Phi Beta Sigma, Zeta Phi Beta, Kappa Gamma Kappa, the Chi Delta Mu* and *Rho Psi Phi. Sigma Pi Phi* which is the honorary graduate fraternity holds its biennial meetings in summer. The last meeting was held last August in St. Paul, Minnesota. There are 19 boulés and 309 members. Dr. W. C. McNiell is Archon Megistos and Dr. Allen A. Wesley, Grammateus Megistos.

The National Association of College Women, under the presidency of Dean Lucy Slowe of Howard University, will hold its 4th annual convention in New York City, April 8, 1926.

These organizations of college-bred men and women are all working for definite and high aims and already are profoundly influencing Negro life.

MRS. P. SIMS-PURYEAR

MISS MARTIN AS "ABLA"

¶ Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare has written a romantic play in 4 acts and a prologue, "Antar of Araby". It has been given in Boston with Mr. Charles Burroughs in the title role and Mr. William Richardson as "Court Singer". Mr. Clarence Cameron White wrote the overture and Miss Bernice Hughes Martin took the part of "Abla".

¶ Mr. William H. Carter has been elected treasurer of Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Carter is an alumnus of Hampton, class of '98. He came to Tuskegee Institute in 1900 and served as head bookkeeper for ten years. He was cost accountant for ten years, dividing his time between this work and serving as instructor.

In 1920 he was appointed assistant treasurer to Mr. Warren Logan and served in that capacity until 1924, at which time he was made acting treasurer upon the retirement of Mr. Logan.

¶ In the new "Who's Who in American Medicine, 1925", six or more colored physicians are listed, including Dan Williams and Carl Roberts of Chicago, L. T. Wright of New York, S. C. Fuller and W. A. Hinton of Boston, and Marcus Wheatland of Newport. Among the unfortunate omissions are Julian Lewis and Grant Daly.

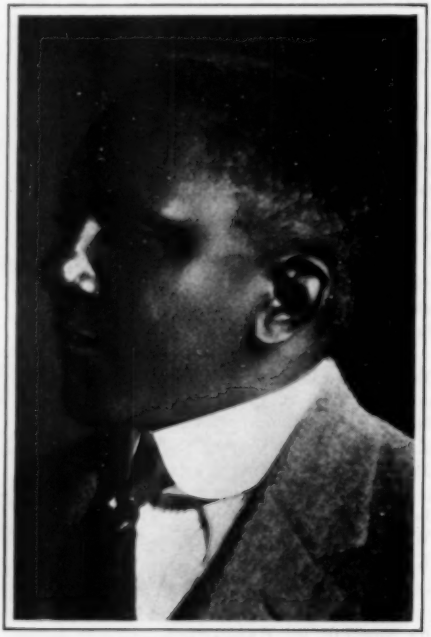
¶ The DuBois Circle of Baltimore has begun its 20th year of work under the presidency of Miss Caroline L. Cook. It will study this year Negro poetry and art.

¶ Arthur Hopkins will produce next fall "Deep River", a jazz opera by W. F. Harling. Laurence Stallings is writing the book. The scenes will be laid in Louisiana a generation before the Civil War.

¶ The United States census has made a preliminary report of prisoners for the year 1923. In that year of the 357,493 commitments, 83,399 were Negroes. From 1910 to 1923 the decrease in Negro commitments was 26.2 per cent and in total commitments 37.7 per cent.

¶ The Negroes of Arkansas are attempting to raise $40,000 for a war memorial to be built on the state fair grounds.

¶ Governor H. M. Gore of West Virginia addressed a mass meeting of the Charleston branch of the N. A. A. C. P. "I recognize



W. H. CARTER

no traditions south of the Mason Dixon line", he said.

¶ William M. Hunnicutt and his wife, Charity, have been celebrating their golden wedding at Wilberforce, Ohio. They were married in 1875. Mr. Hunnicutt is the son of a Civil War soldier and is a shoemaker by trade. For 23 years he has been instructor in shoemaking in the C. N. & I. department at Wilberforce University. Mrs. Hunnicutt has been confined to the house for 2 years. They are the parents of 4 children, of whom the only surviving one is J. S. Hunnicutt, principal of the McKinley School, Topeka, Kansas.

¶ The corner stone of a new Pythian temple has been laid by R. R. Barcus, Grand Chancellor, of Columbus, Ohio. It will cost $175,000 and have a motion picture theatre.

¶ Rosamund Johnson and Taylor Gordon will tour the United States with the concert manager, Richard Copley, to sing spirituals from the Book of American Negro Spirituals.

MR. AND MRS. HUNNICUTT

¶ William M. Lee, a Negro 88 years old and formerly servant to General Robert E. Lee, addressed the members of the Virginia senate.

¶ In Oklahoma 25 white men and 70 Negroes were entombed in the McConnell coal mine explosion at Wilburton. Very few of them will survive.

¶ Conferences on Africa to which Negroes are not invited are becoming the rule of the day. One such conference was held at Tukuyu at the northern end of Lake Nyasa between white representatives from five colonies: Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Uganda and Tanganyika.

¶ Recently at Carnegie-Hall Paul Whiteman's orchestra rendered George Gershwin's one-act Negro opera, "135th Street".

¶ Joseph Davis, born in 1806 as a slave in South Carolina, is dead at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He had 17 children, the oldest of whom is 95 and the youngest 38.

¶ Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor, son of the famous musician, has been married to an Englishwoman, Miss Kathleen Markwell, his accompanist.

¶ The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has confirmed an award of $10,000 damages to two colored women in Jackson, Mississippi, against the Buckeye Cotton Oil Company for damage to health and property. S. D. Redmond was the colored attorney.

¶ The United States Senate Committee on Insular Affairs has given a hearing to a delegation from the Virgin Islands, including several members of city councils and A. A. Berle, Jr., of New York. The islands have been 9 years under the American flag and have had no citizenship rights.

¶ Charles H. Thompson, a graduate of Virginia Union University and the University of Chicago, received his Master of Arts degree in Education in 1920 at the latter institution and his doctorate in Philosophy, *cum laude*, last August in Education and Psychology. He is instructor in the Sumner High School of Kansas City, Kansas, and was special investigator for the Illinois Race Riot Commission.

¶ William Pickens, Field Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., is conducting what he calls "the Tenth Crusade". In less than 2 years, by a series of baby contests throughout the United States, he has raised more than $31,000 for the support of the N. A. A. C. P. The contest method is inexpensive and numbers are planned for 1926.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON in *Palms* on "Rebellion":

"I am tired of being patient, I am tired of resignation,
I am sick to death of waiting for a joy that never comes,
I am tired of stingy half-loaves, I am tired of imitation,
I am tired of tasting other people's crumbs.

"Let us once, O soul, be truthful, let us fling aside concealment
While we take our fill of sorrow as we never could of joy!
It is genuine, abundant. It is ours, and not another's.
Let us once, O soul, taste fullness, though that fullness should destroy!"

* * *

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf announces a new novel, "Flight", by Walter White. It will be ready March 26 and tells the story of a colored girl who "passes" and then comes back to her own people.

* * *

REVOLUTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE full text of the pronouncement of Premier Hertzog of the Union of South Africa last November has just been received. It is one of the most astounding documents "along the color line" of modern times. Unfortunately it is very long and if published in full would occupy nearly ten pages of THE CRISIS. The following quotations and summary will give a fair idea:

Never in the history of the Union has there been stronger determination to effect a change in Native policy than exists today. Both Whites and Natives insist on a change. The Native labors under the impression that he is being treated unjustly. He insists on equality with the White man, not only as regards the protection of person and property and in the administration of justice (where this equality has not been denied him), but also in every other way, whether in industrial life, in professional appointments and clerical work, in the civil service, in private service and generally publicly or privately. Briefly, his claims extend to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Whites, including the political right of taking part, on an equal footing with the White man, in parliamentary elections, and the right to be eligible for Parliament.

In the Cape he already possesses the right to vote with the White man in electing members of Parliament, and in that Province he is claiming ever more strongly the right to send Native members to Parliament. It is clear to me that the other three Provinces cannot permit that the Native franchise will be extended on the Cape basis, neither can the Native be given the right to become a member of Parliament. It is clear, further, that the grant of the franchise to the Native on the Cape basis—or rather on the basis that he is to vote with the White man for a member of Parliament—would necessarily mean the ruin of the White population and of European civilization in the Union.

On closer examination, we are struck by the fact that unless the Cape state of affairs is changed, it will be impossible for us to avoid that the Natives in the northern Provinces will, within a relatively short period, obtain the franchise in any case. . . .

The reason for this is directly connected with the right the Cape Native has to vote together with the White man for a member of Parliament. Unless this franchise is taken away from the Cape Native, or at least fundamentally altered, the Northern Provinces, I repeat, cannot possibly continue to close the door against the Native franchise within their boundaries too. According to expert judgment it will not be long, say fifty years or so, before the number of enfranchised Natives in the Cape exceeds the number of White voters. This contention may appear exciting to more than one of you, but there is not a single ground for contesting it. Everything points to this being a correct deduction from facts and figures. However, long before the expiry of those fifty years the Native vote in the Cape will be of much greater significance for, and exercise a much greater influence on the Native franchise question in the three Northern Provinces than it does today. I am not exaggerating when I say that, as things are going now, within the next forty years there will be but few among the fifty odd Cape M.L.A.'s who will dare publicly to oppose the extension of the Cape Native franchise to the rest of the Union.

As soon as the day comes when that extension is openly advocated, the Northern Provinces will stand before the alternative of either seceding from the Union—and that will not take place without bloodshed—or they will have to submit to an extension of those political rights to the Natives here. The reason is obvious. Today the Cape has fifty-one out of one hundred and

thirty-five members. Out of that number even today the election of twelve is controlled by the Native vote, and I do not know that there is a single constituency where Native votes are not polled. In most of the fifty-one constituencies the Native vote is a very powerful one. Consequently, the great bulk of Cape members, when it comes to matters touching the Native (and where it is assumed that the Native vote within their constituencies or the constituency of a member of their party will be effected by what they say or do) will only too often be ready to adopt a line that they would otherwise not have been prepared to adopt. . . .

* * *

Long before the Native vote is in a numerical majority in the Cape, any party feeling dependent on that vote will be forced to use its influence in support of the Natives' claims and ambitions, politically as well as otherwise. . . .

As one-third or more of the membership of the Assembly are elected by the Cape it must be patent that the country can never be properly governed without substantial Cape support. The Government of the day must inevitably be dependent on Cape support, as it has been in the past, the difference being that consequent upon the increase of the Native vote and of its relative importance, the Native will control more intensely the conditions of co-operation with that Government. If in these circumstances the Cape Natives make the support of those members whose fate hangs on their vote dependent on their support that they will not keep in power any Government that is not prepared to comply with the claim of Native franchise in the north (or to entitle the Native to sit in the Assembly) such a Government will be eventually compelled to give in. Universal franchise for the Native throughout the Union must follow, and that on the Cape basis! . . .

I may not hide from you the fact that the exercise of the franchise in the Cape by the Natives on an equal footing with the Whites is by no means the only reason why the northern Provinces will be compelled to introduce the Cape Native franchise if matters are drifting as they do today. A considerable and influential portion of the European population of the Union feels, apart from everything else, that there is an injustice in the fact that the northern Natives are denied all right of representation in the Assembly. That feeling is becoming more and more articulate and that in influential European circles. Church conferences have pronounced on the question during the last few years, giving it as their opinion that the existing condition cannot satisfy the White man's conscience. . . . In seeking for a solution, there are certain doctrines which must be accepted as established and unassailable:—

(1) The Northern Provinces are not prepared to grant the Native the right to elect with the White man a member of Parliament. In other words, they do not want to introduce there the Cape franchise.

(2) Still less will the Northern Provinces agree that a Native be made eligible for Parliament.

(3) The Cape Native franchise must be altered.

(4) In order to alter the Cape Native franchise it will be necessary that two-thirds of the members of Parliament vote in favor of the proposed alteration.

It will be seen at once that unless the European population is prepared, apart from all party considerations, to deal with this important matter as a national one, where co-operation is the first essential, it would be in vain to waste further time on it.

* * *

General Hertzog then proposes the following extraordinary solution: 1. To give back to the Native some of the land which was taken from him by the land law of 1913. 2. To build up in the native areas, native self-government beginning with white general control. Local councils would be established corresponding to municipal and provincial councils. 3. An annual Native council for the whole union would be created to consist of about 50 members, a minority nominated by the government and the majority elected by the Natives of the various provinces. The council would first be advisory and afterward would have legislative powers with regard to purely Native affairs. With regard to the interests which affect Natives and Europeans jointly, the power to deal with such matters would be in the hands of Parliament; but in return for depriving the Natives of Cape Colony of their right to vote, the Natives of the whole union would be allowed to elect seven members of Parliament, two from Cape Colony, two from the Transvaal and one from the Free State. These members would be added to the general quota of Parliament and would have the right to speak and also to vote on all questions except those affecting the basis of Native representation in Parliament.

In addition to this the colored people, that is, the people of mixed blood who have no native tribal relationships, would be given the full right to vote on the same general basis as white people, although General Hertzog rather vaguely intimates that there might be some special educational and property qualifications.

General Hertzog thinks that the ordinary 135 members of the assembly will, after these changes, be in a position to speak and vote independently and he does not think that the seven Native members can create a bloc and endanger the government. He adds:

Concerning the Cape Colored population I do not expect to hear that all the prejudice that has existed all these years with the White population will immediately disappear. I therefore take it that, with the White people of the Free State as well as the Transvaal and Natal, there will be present aversion and even repulsion at the idea of granting the Colored man the franchise there. We must not, however, forget that in the Cape they already all possess the franchise on the same basis as the White man. In view of this fact alone it ought to be a matter of less concern to us to give him the franchise here as well, where his numbers are so exceedingly small in comparison with the Cape. Subject to proper qualification, the extension of the franchise to him cannot be harmful to us, but may do considerable good. The Cape Coloreds are well disposed toward the White population of South Africa. Unless we force him, it is neither in his interest nor is it his desire to be otherwise than friendly towards us. We may not, therefore, push him from us where he desires to stand alongside of us, and least of all then when the present danger of the Native vote has been removed.

The Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, "*The Friend*", says in a leading editorial which on the whole favors the proposal: "Black and White are at the cross-roads. A continuance on the present path will lead to certain disaster."

Today the colored people of America and the thinking white folk of the world can add fervently, "We told you so!"

* * *

THE HEGEMONY OF RACE

IT is gradually being borne in upon our whiter brethren that this matter of ruling the colored races is not going to be the same easy parade in the future that it has been in the past. David Lloyd George in a syndicated article published all over the world says:

What is the reason for all this shiver of the white skin?

They have reason for their shudder. In Asia the brown and yellow races are seeking to throw off the dominion or domination of the pale-faced foreigner. China is in the throes of the most intense, widespread and best organized anti-foreign movement it has ever witnessed. Japan has for 20 years become a redoubtable naval and military empire, and is now the most dangerous trade rival of Europe and America in the East.

In India there is undoubted unrest. In Africa a formidable war is even now in process between the invading European and the native, the latter with a European equipment and a leader trained in the European military school—and, so far, the European has had the worst of it. The Egyptian has for years given trouble. In the United States the color question has always been a vexed one; the problem of the Negro has not yet been solved; and in the Philippines another colored race is querying American authority.

Numerically, the position is against the white. The number of colored human beings on the earth is 1,150,000,000, while there are but 550,000,000 white people. Two-fifths of the world's area is peopled by white races and three-fifths by colored.

* * *

Liberty, the flamboyant weekly published by the Chicago *Tribune*, has this editorial:

The white man does not seem to be so healthy, but it may be only a bad dream. Ever since Columbus sailed into the Caribbean Sea and Vasco de Gama went around the shoulder of Africa, both seeking new market routes to the Far East, the Indies, and the spice islands after the Turks had closed all routes by the Near East, the whites have been overrunning the colors, the red, brown, black, yellow, and tan, in America, Asia, and Africa.

As world time goes it was not so long before this that it was the other way about. The Persians, Mongols, Scythians, Arabs, Moors, and Turks, came out of their breeding places and tried to run the whites out of theirs.

It has always been the case that if you have something better than another people, that other people will try to take it from you if they need it.

The colors were stopped at Chalons and Tours, thrown out of Spain, beaten at the sea battle of Lepanto, checked at the walls of Vienna. Then the whites went out to do more than the Roman Empire ever did.

All the colors except the Japanese, and they, for a moment, took orders from the whites. Now that flood has stopped and is hesitating. Again the rising tide seems to be coming from the other direction.

China and India are rising. North Africa is in arms. The great population and the fanatic fighting peoples are aroused. . . . . .

Soviet Russia is the enemy of every white government and all the people so governed. At first, when the whites were in the first post-war disorganization, the Reds went at them directly, with some success with violence in Germany, getting temporary

control in Hungary and Austria, taking over industries and government in northern Italy, and causing distress and unrest in Great Britain and France.

The great push against the center failed. The Reds then took to encirclement and the drive with the colors from the various points of the circumference. And so the horizon is aflame.

* * *

The *Gaelic American* noting the "silly bunk about the Prince of Wales' visit to South Africa" remarks the growing African nativism:

The period since the end of 1918 especially has seen remarkable progress in the developing of a distinct Nativist sentiment among the more advanced among them, and the expression of it in papers published in the English and Bantu languages that deal with all the phases of the social, economic and political life.

* * *

It mentions particularly the *Worker's Herald* and its complaints:

Among its many complaints against the treatment of Native labor is that it receives only fifty cents a day where the white man got over four dollars; and that it has to feed on "meal pap" and sleep on cement floors like animals. Native women working in Mine Hospitals get from five to seven and a half dollars a month, and no certificates of competence can be issued to Asiatics or Native Africans in certain occupations, however well qualified. This is only a sketch of the grievances complained of, and it is difficult to see what remedy the cabled smiles of the Prince could bring to such conditions.

* * *

A syndicated editorial, published in the *Bay City*, Michigan, *Times* and in numbers of other papers says:

As to the "superiority" of one race over another, not much is yet definitely known.

But one thing is certain. No difference of race is so great as the differences of individuals in all races.

The gap between the brightest and the dullest white man, or the brightest and the dullest Negro, is incomparably wider than any ascertainable difference between whites and Negroes generally.

If the white race is "superior" to the black, in mental capacity, it is not because an able white man is more intelligent than an able Negro, or a stupid Negro more stupid than a stupid white man, but because there is a larger proportion of one or the other in the two races.

* * *

Speaking for the thousand million dark-skinned inhabitants of the earth, Rev. William Y. Bell, an American Negro, said at Stockholm: "We are determined and set, under God, to puncture the bubble of Nordic superiority."

* * *

The *Gold Coast Times*, a weekly published by native Africans, says:

The Englishman's antipathy to the educated African, or, for that matter, to any educated man of color, is not a new phenomenon but it is growing and threatening to create a lasting enmity between the white and non-white races in the British Empire.

The political and industrial situation of the country in its relation to peoples of African origin and descent, those domiciled in the Native Territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Swaziland and the Transkei not excepted, is fraught with possibilities and potentialities or contingencies of a most menacing and threatening character. Our labouring classes are threatened with dismissal or exclusion from the industrial activities of the land after they had helped to build the industries of this, the land of their fathers; our peasant classes as well as detribalized peoples now living in urban areas are menaced with segregation proposals; our womenfolk entering domestic service are to be subjected to the indignities of medical examination by white doctors and the humiliation of carrying Passes; our Brothers who at present enjoy a measure of self-government in the native Territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland under the benign and motherly protection of Great Britain are threatened with annexation and incorporation into the misgoverned so-called Union of South Africa, to say nothing of the great process that is going on of ousting the black-man from the land or reducing him to a condition of veritable slavery or perpetual serfdom in the land originally ordained by Providence as his eternal home.

* * *

On the other hand, at the Episcopal Church Congress at Eastbourne, Lord Willingdon, former governor of two Presidencies in India, said that in his view:

There is only one solution of the problem. The white races must realize the necessity of treating all colored men in the spirit of absolute equality and give up the attitude of color superiority. Providence long ago placed the white man in the position of a trustee, whose wards, the colored men, are now rapidly growing up. The white man no longer dominates them, even for their good. At best he can only tactfully guide them past particular dangers.

There can be no question that, for the first time in human history, this cry of the dark against the pretensions of the white is an organized and practical determination.

Once it was a mere protest, now it is a crusade.

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School of Agriculture—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science.

School of Education—four-year high-school teacher's course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two two-year courses for primary, intermediate and upper-grade teachers.

School of Home Economics—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two-year course.

Summer School for Teachers—courses leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and State Certificates.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Offers four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and two-year course—aims to prepare men and women for business positions or to teach business subjects.

LIBRARY SCHOOL

Offers one-year, professional course—aims to prepare librarians for normal schools, colleges and branch libraries in city systems.

TRADE SCHOOL

Offers four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two year course—aims to train skilled builders.

FACTS

Enrollment, including practice and summer school and classes for teachers in service, 2,251; graduates, 2,753; and ex-students, over 8,800.

JAMES E. GREGG, Principal.

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